HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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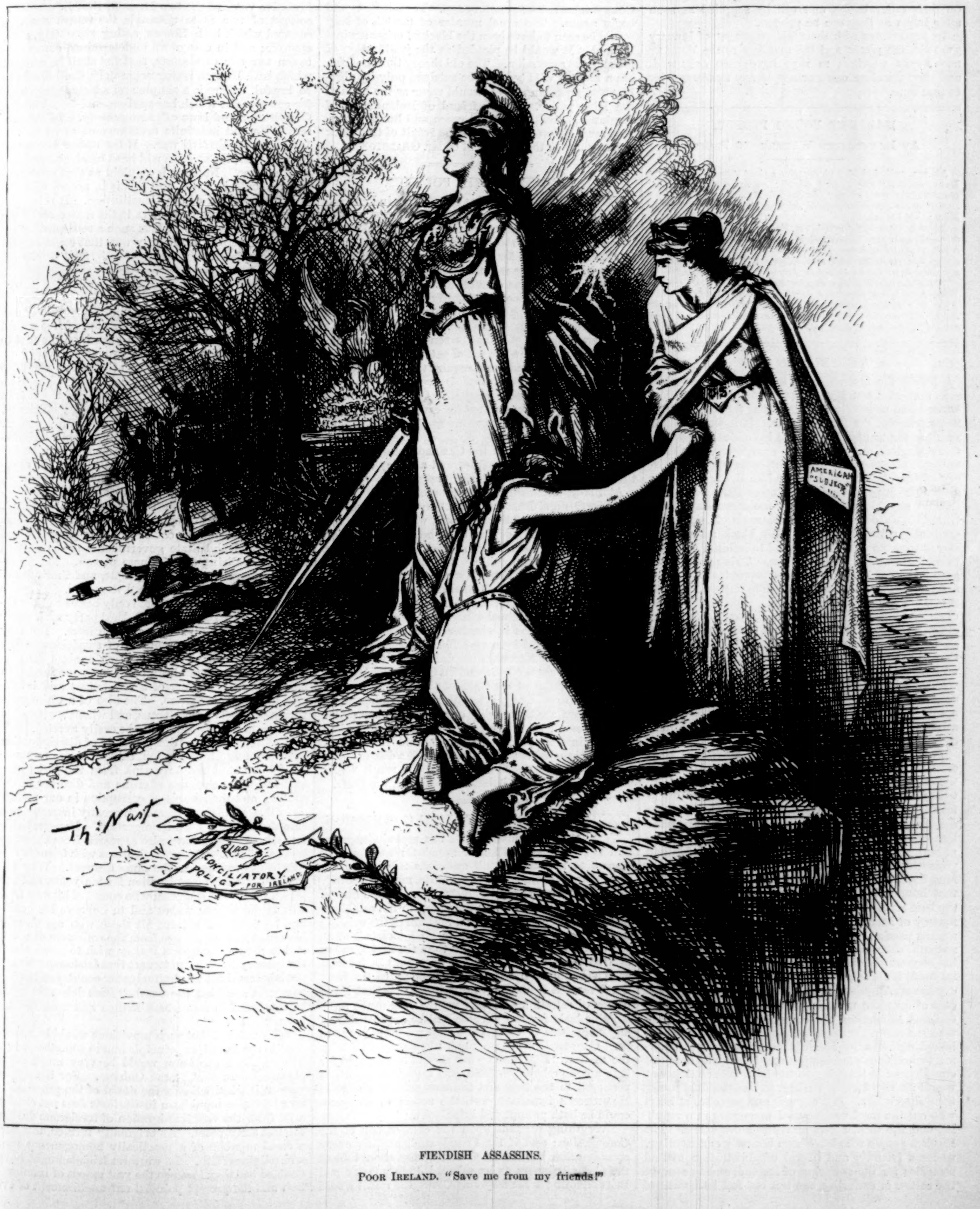


FIENDISH ASSASSINS.

POOR IRELAND. "Save me from my friends!"

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 20, 1882.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

VOLUMES OF HARPER'S WEEKLY, HARPER'S BAZAR, AND HARPER'S MAGAZINE.

MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS beg leave to state that all orders for the back numbers of HARPER'S WEEKLY, HARPER'S BAZAR, and HARPER'S MAGAZINE, previous to January, 1878, should be sent in before July 1, 1882. After that date it is their intention to preserve back numbers of their periodicals for three years only.

Orders received before July 1, 1882, will be entered on their order books, and will be supplied as soon after July 1 as they can be printed.

In accordance with their advertisement of January 31, 1880, the plates and the numbers of the WEEKLY and BAZAR previous to 1870 have been destroyed, and they therefore can not supply any numbers prior to that time.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY—16 PAGES.

No. 133, published May 16, contains a short story by MR. PERCY EARL, *entitled "The Scarlet Glow"; an unusually interesting chapter of the serial story, "Mr. Stubbs's Brother"; and the conclusion of the entertaining girls' story, entitled "False Colors," by* MRS. JOHN LILLIE.

There is an excellent article, combining instruction with entertainment, on "The Steam-Engine"; and one by EESUNG EYLISS, *entitled "Do Birds Know Their Old Homes?" giving many interesting facts connected with ornithology.* SHERWOOD RYSE *has something to tell the boys about the care of "Rabbits as Pets."*

The illustrations of this number are very attractive. On the front page is an engraving entitled "Pussy's Music Lesson." There is a striking picture called "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep," and several beautiful illustrations accompanying a poem entitled "Dreaming of Summer."

THE BLACK ACT.

AFTER the first shock of horror at the assassination of Lord FREDERICK CAVENDISH and Mr. BURKE had passed, it was clear that the murder was not a crime of the Land League. If it were not the result of the brutish hostility of individuals to everything English, and were due to conspiracy, it was felt to be the conspiracy of those who trade upon the misery of the country, and whose idle living upon the gifts of Irish patriotism would cease if England and Ireland should reach a good understanding. Mr. GLADSTONE'S dispatch to the Marquis of Ripon undoubtedly stated the truth. The black act was designed to promote ill feeling and to imbitter the relations between the two countries. This purpose was greatly baffled, however, by the prompt and universal and sincere expression of indignation from all reputable Irishmen everywhere. Indeed, the immediate result of the crime was to bring the countries closer together. The Irish leaders in Parliament were as decisive and uncompromising in their condemnation as the most hostile Tories; and in this country, with the exception of the twaddle of two or three wretched blatherskites who live by aggravating the suffering of Ireland—contemptible cowards who from a safe distance incite other people to expose themselves to danger—there has been the same unanimity of feeling and expression.

It is not pleasant for honorable Americans, however, to see that there is a very general opinion that the crime, if not plotted in this country, was instigated here by Irishmen enjoying the protection of American law. We have, indeed, read reports of speeches delivered at Irish meetings in this country during the last two or three years which could only mean to ignorant minds that assassination was justifiable and praiseworthy as a means of redressing against England the intolerable wrongs of Ireland. But it is time that honorable Englishmen should understand that the base servility to the Irish vote in this country, the flattery of barbarous prejudice, and the appeals to ignorant passion, which disgrace our politics and our national character, are confined to a few demagogues in Congress and on the press, and that intelligent America holds it all in profound contempt. But while every honest American must bear the disgrace, as in the case of drunken members of Congress or of the anti-Chinese legislation, the obsequiousness to the Irish vote has not yet suffered a foreign-born clique, which hates England a hundredfold more than it loves America, to dictate our foreign policy. Those who are most conspicuous in toadying to the Irish vote in America would be the first, in Turkey, to kiss the dust under the Sultan's foot. It is cowards and parasites at heart who are the most vociferous demagogues in a republic, and the most abject slaves in a despotism. The English people who have been honestly endeavoring, under a friendly and liberal administration, to find remedies for the suffering of Ireland, and to remove the causes of suffering, can not but feel indignant at the calumny and the direct incitements to hostility with which their efforts have been received by so many "American-Irish." It is only natural that the most radical daily journal in London, the *Pall Mall Gazette*, should say that the American Fenians had made no secret of their designs.

But it will be very fortunate if this tragic event shall serve to draw the line distinctly between the Irish who agitate within the law and those who hold to the policy of poison and the dagger. The shocked and indignant disclaimer of Messrs. PARNELL, DILLON, and DAVITT will serve their country as much as anything they have ever done. Mr. GLADSTONE will not, we hope, relinquish the policy upon which he was entering. If he must fall, let it be with the olive-branch in his hand. If public feeling in England should be so exasperated as to require his resignation, the Tories would come into power, and called to the government by a feeling of revenge against Ireland, they would renew in that country the terror and horror of the CORNWALLIS rule of a century ago. The misery would begin again. The cruel murder of the 5th of May would be seen to have been the blackest crime against Ireland. It would be pleaded as the justification of the sternest repression. The old theory that the Irish are a kind of wild beast, to be subdued only by absolute and unsparing force, would recur as the basis of the Irish policy. Every friend of Ireland and of England, of civilization and peace and human progress, must hope earnestly that the result of this black act may not be the retirement of Mr. GLADSTONE.

PENNSYLVANIA POLITICS.

THE late CAMERON-machine Convention in Pennsylvania adopted the most radical civil service reform platform amid shouts of derisive laughter, and nominated the CAMERON ticket with one exception. The CAMERON candidate for the Governorship then made a speech, in which he said that not only were the principles of the platform correct, but that they must be carried out in practice. Evidently somebody is to be fooled. Do the Republicans of Pennsylvania believe that Senator CAMERON and Mr. McMANES and their followers who composed the Convention do really "unequivocally condemn the use of patronage to promote personal political ends, and require that all offices bestowed within the party shall be upon the sole basis of fitness"? and "that competent and faithful officers should not be removed except for cause"? or that they "condemn compulsory assessments for political purposes"? In other words, do they believe that the continued ascendency of the CAMERON power will secure the triumph of principles and a policy to which the CAMERON power is inflexibly opposed?

At this distance the practical question seems to be, not whether General BEAVER was not an excellent soldier and is not a most estimable man, which we are not aware that anybody denies, but whether the election of Mr. CAMERON'S candidate assures the overthrow of Mr. CAMERON'S dictatorship. We understand the Republican contest in Pennsylvania to arise, not from personal hostility to Mr. CAMERON nor to any other man, but from the determination to overthrow a personal control maintained solely by official patronage. The precise question is whether popular government is to be superseded by a personal despotism within a party. Senator MITCHELL'S opinion upon the subject is emphatic, that the Independent Convention can not ratify the action of the CAMERON Convention. The situation is exceedingly interesting. The Independent Republicans are thoroughly organized. They polled fifty thousand votes last year. If they should adopt the nominations of Mr. MARSHALL and Mr. RAWLE, and reject the others, they would make a distinct issue of machine and anti-machine, and the result would show which held the balance of power in the State.

CONGRESS AND THE TARIFF COMMISSION.

THE Tariff Commission Bill has passed Congress, and the President will now appoint nine Commissioners to investigate "all questions relating to the agricultural, commercial, mercantile, manufacturing, mining, and industrial interests of the United States, so far as the same may be necessary to the establishment of a judicious tariff, or a revision of the existing tariff upon a scale of justice to all interests." The committee is to report not later than the first Monday of December, 1882. The great argument in favor of such a Commission, which is to be appointed, not from Congress, but from the citizens at large, is that, if the power of selection be wisely used, a very much more suitable body for the purpose will be appointed than any committee of Congress would probably prove to be. Congress, of course, must ultimately deal with the matter. But if the work should be prepared for it in a comprehensive, lucid, and sagacious report, as pertinent to the time and to increased knowledge as HAMILTON'S famous report, the action of Congress could be both prompt and intelligent.

Everything depends upon the composition of the Commission; and if the President, discarding every consideration but character and fitness, should select the Commissioners as he selected Judges GRAY and BLATCHFORD for the Supreme Court, the result would necessarily distinguish his administration. A commission properly selected would comprise men of various views, and if it should agree upon any general system, the consent of such a body would be the most powerful argument for the adoption of its recommendations. If protectionists and revenue-tariff doctors should agree, nobody would dare to differ. If they should disagree, the result would be probably two reports, in which the whole subject of the tariff would be ably and authoritatively treated upon both sides, to the great edification of Congress and of the country.

The law providing for this Commission is as important as any action that Congress has taken during the session, excepting that upon the Chinese bill. Thus far it has been a session singularly barren of results. The Electoral Bill still awaits action in the House, and no subject is more important. The Senate has passed it in a form which the country will certainly approve. It provides that when only one return from a State has been received, it shall be rejected only by the affirmative votes of the two Houses; that in case of a contest of two State tribunals, the return shall be counted which both Houses, acting separately, shall approve; and in case of an undetermined contest between two sets of electors, that list shall be counted which both Houses, acting separately, shall decide to be lawful. Here is a simple and adequate provision for emergencies which have arisen, and for which the Constitution and laws offer no remedy. In the present loose and indefinite arrangement, as we saw in 1877, lies possible civil war. If the matter is left until next year, the election will be at hand, and nothing will be done. Nothing is so plain as that some provision should be made, and this is in accord with the evident intention of the Constitution. It refers the settlement of all controversies to the States, and if the situation of any State forbids such a settlement, it refers it to Congress in the only way that could be generally acceptable.

THE CHINESE PANIC.

THE Republicans have taken the responsibility of prohibiting the voluntary immigration of free skilled laborers into the country, and have been the first to renounce the claim that America welcomes every honest comer, and offers a home to the honest victim of the oppression of kings or of cruel laws. Chinese labor has greatly developed the Pacific coast. It is in demand and use to-day, and the fidelity, efficiency, and integrity of the Chinese laborer are not denied. Except for the demand, he would not come. Henceforth for ten years any one who comes may be imprisoned for a year, and then expelled from the country. Those who are already here must be registered, and furnished with passports to authenticate themselves, and justify their travelling in the country. Chinese travellers who are not laborers nor residents will be admitted to the country only by passports, and the national and State governments are prohibited from naturalizing any Chinese person. Yet no offense is charged upon these people, and they are but a handful—at most, a hundred thousand. They are not migratory, and they come only because of the demand for their labor. The Federal party sank under the odium of the alien and sedition laws. But they only provided for the removal of suspicious foreign individuals who might be plotting against the government. The Republican party has gone further in prohibiting the coming of a few honest and intelligent and thrifty laborers. The idea of a Chinese invasion is merely preposterous, and whenever it should threaten to approach, it could be easily averted.

Having laid down the principle of discrimination against foreign immigration, those who are responsible for it ought not to shrink from the just consequences. The statistics of crime and disorder in the country and the records of corruption in our politics show that all of them have been greatly increased and stimulated by the Irish immigration. Dangers to the free-school system have also appeared from the same source. Threatening complications with friendly foreign states are due to the same element. Why not suspend the Irish immigration for ten years, and imprison the honest Irishman who comes of his own free-will to get higher wages and to improve his condition? Why not require all those who are already here to obtain certificates from the collectors of ports, and to produce passports if they wish to move about the country? Why not enact that Irishmen who are not laborers shall be admitted to the country only with passports, and that the words "Irish laborers" shall be construed to mean both skilled and unskilled laborers?

Why not, but that such provisions would be repugnant to the American principle and to common-sense? Yet such an exclusion would be very much more plausible than that of the Chinese. For it may be very well asked whether the doubt of the practicability of popular republican institutions does not chiefly arise from the vast immigration of foreigners during the last sixty years. As originally formed, this was a rural republic of a practically homogeneous race and religious faith. Its warmest friends might have doubted had they foreseen the vast extent of immigration and the prompt political enfranchisement of ev-

ery immigrant. But our history has vindicated our principle, and it is mortifying that the party whose glory was the declaration of fair play for all men should have legislated upon DOUGLAS'S assertion: "I am for the white man against the negro, and for the negro against the alligator." The confession that a hundred thousand peaceful Chinese endanger the welfare of fifty millions of Americans comes strangely from the Republican party.

THE LONGFELLOW MEMORIAL.

A LONGFELLOW Memorial Association has been formed in Cambridge, the purpose of which is to provide some permanent appropriate memorial of the poet. He was one of the most conspicuous and beloved citizens of the university town, and his fame added to its historic renown. His house, or the site of it, for it is a wooden house, and may be destroyed at any time, will be always pointed out as perhaps the most interesting object in a most interesting neighborhood. For it was the head-quarters of WASHINGTON as well as the home of LONGFELLOW.

The character of the memorial will be determined by a very competent committee. There have been various suggestions, but none is more happy than that of securing the broad field in front of the house and sloping gently down to the river Charles, over which is seen the low range of Brighton hills which makes the horizon. To keep this broad and peaceful prospect unspoiled Mr. LONGFELLOW long ago bought the field, and there are constant and beautiful allusions in his writings to the tranquil view. It has been wisely thought that there could be no more fitting memorial of the poet than this field, turned into a pleasure-ground, with all fences and walls and shrubbery kept low, so as to leave the view unobstructed; and, for the same reason, at one side rather than in the middle, a structure of seats, perhaps, and a statue, or a bust, or a bass-relief, as might be most convenient. Such a pleasure-ground would be most intimately associated with the poet. His house would be at hand. The field would be one that was his. The prospect would be the same that he loved, and his statue, placed at one side, would look from his home toward his grave. It would not be easy to suggest a more fitting or beautiful memorial.

THE HARVARD LAW SCHOOL.

IT is obviously desirable that the learned professions should be in fact learned. It is not necessary that they should be decorated with extrinsic accomplishment, but it is most desirable that those who practice them should know thoroughly what they profess to know. For this reason we see with pleasure the movement in this State to require an examination by an independent board as preliminary to a license to practice medicine. To empower teachers who depend upon the fees of pupils to grant such a license is to forget that under the circumstances teachers may be very lenient. The medical schools which sell diplomas illustrate the danger of the system. The great argument for the ample endowment of colleges is that it relieves them of the temptation to lower the standard of education.

The friends of the Harvard Law School are moving in this spirit to increase the endowment of that institution, and those who reside in New York make a strong appeal not only to Harvard graduates, but to the well-disposed munificent everywhere who know that one of the very best ways of giving is to strengthen strong and admirable institutions. Within a few years the Harvard Law School has striven with great success to raise the standard of professional education. But to do this effectively the force of teachers must be increased, while the income is diminished by strict examinations.

The school now requires for admission a college diploma as evidence of general mental discipline, or an examination; a three years' course of study; a thorough examination to pass from year to year, and an equally stringent examination for the degree. This is the way to make a learned profession really learned; and as lawyers are often regarded as necessary evils (*pace* HOOKER), it is a matter of high public concern to render them as innocuous as possible. The immediate call is for the library. A good beginning is shown in securing $40,000 for its endowment, and a little effort and generosity upon the part of the sons of Harvard in New York, who know the value and economy of sound and ample legal learning, will soon make the library complete and independent.

GENERAL PORTER.

THE President has remitted that part of General FITZ-JOHN PORTER'S sentence which disqualified him from holding any office of trust or profit under the government, and has thus shown that, in his judgment, the sentence was not warranted by the facts. The restoration of General PORTER to the army can not be effected by the President, because the sentence of cashiering from the army has been fully accomplished, and, as the Attorney-General recently pointed out, it can not be reversed. The remedy lies in the authorization by Congress of a re-appointment.

Those who are tired of this case should reflect that they ought not to be tired of the righting of a wrong. The ablest legal counsel, prejudiced against rather than for the general, and three most competent and patriotic officers of the army, and ex-President GRANT, who, upon further evidence, has entirely changed his opinion, and now President ARTHUR, all concur in the conclusion that a great and almost irreparable injustice had been done an honorable man, and that he and his family and friends have been compelled for many years to bear a terrible and wholly unmerited disgrace.

It is not surprising certainly that General PORTER himself has refused to submit, and has spared no effort, against a prolonged outcry of contemptuous hostility and incredulity, to secure justice. It must be a churlish mind that would begrudge gratification in the tardy recognition of the wrong that has been unwittingly done to him, and no one who has not carefully studied and weighed all the testimony, and candidly reached the conclusion that PORTER was substantially a traitor in the worst sense, can help rejoicing that the verdict of treachery has been annulled, or has any right to insist that he was willing to risk the defeat of the Union army, and ought to have been shot, and that the late Court of Inquiry and the President and careful men of all parties have been wofully deceived.

A GREAT JOB.

A DOZEN years ago, when it was suggested that the new Capitol of New York at Albany might cost $4,000,000, there was a gasp of consternation and incredulity. It has already cost, however, more than $13,000,000. It will cost probably nearly $20,000,000 before it is wholly finished. It is dark and inconvenient, and apparently insecure, and a committee of the Assembly is trying to ascertain, with the aid of experts, whether the stone ceiling of the chamber is not likely to fall at any moment.

This seems like a joke, but it is really a disgrace to the State, and an impeachment of our system of government. It was the fashion to laugh at Governor ROBINSON for his constant protest against the extravagance with which the work was designed and carried on. But the Governor was wiser and more patriotic than the scoffers. A spacious, handsome, adequate building for the purposes of the State could have been erected for a fifth or a quarter of the sum that has been spent, and the responsibility for this vast public job rests finally with the Commissioners, whoever they are or were.

It was their duty as public-spirited, intelligent, and economical citizens to have prepared a fitting design, and to have ascertained by specific and comprehensive inquiry the necessary cost of its execution. If the Legislature chose, ignorantly or extravagantly, to interfere with the work, it was always competent for the Commissioners to protest, and to decline to act. But there was no good reason, no excuse whatever, for imposing upon the State an enormous expense for a colossal folly. There is now, of course, nothing to be done. The building is there, and unless it tumbles down it can not be removed. But at least it may serve as an awful warning, while with a significance which is the very satire of fate this immense and monumental Job towers over the Legislature and the capital city.

THE PENN OF TRADITION.

WE ventured recently to suggest that the WILLIAM PENN of tradition is not the PENN of "infantry, cavalry, and artillery," with which it is proposed to celebrate the bicentennial anniversary of the founding of his State. A correspondent wishes to know if we mean to insinuate that the actual PENN of history differs from him of tradition.

We hasten to answer that we do not. The sword that he wore was the ornament of the youth, not of the sage. The PENN was mightier than the sword. Not as the conqueror comes he came to the peaceful shores of the Delaware, and as a man of peace he abides and will always abide in history and memory.

As our correspondent truly remarks, WEST'S picture of him, if not literally exact, is exact in spirit. He may not have stood under a spreading tree in a cut-away coat, but the mild and benignant and peaceful conduct which is associated with the familiar Quaker garb, the statesmanship of reason and not of the sword, is that which makes the glory of the founding of Pennsylvania.

BOSS OR UNIT RULE.

IT is to be hoped that the sub-committee of the National Republican Committee which was appointed to draft rules for the election of delegates to the National Convention does not suppose that its inaction will produce acquiescence in the unit rule. The two things which the Chicago Convention emphatically decided were that there should be no third term, and that the unit rule should be abolished. The Convention declared for the election of delegates by districts, and directed the National Committee to carry out its pleasure. The Committee was to have reported in June, 1880. It is now almost June, 1882. If the Committee supposes that inaction will restore the unit rule, it is mistaken.

The object of the Convention in the declaration against the unit rule was twofold: first, to give all Republicans a fair voice in the nomination; second, to break down "bosses." It wished to provide for ascertaining the views of Republicans in every district of the Union, and to prevent those views from being disregarded and defeated by the corrupt manipulation of a single Convention. The performance at the Conventions of New York, Pennsylvania, and Illinois to secure the success of the third term plot against the plain and proved wishes of the Republican party showed the National Convention the necessity of a radical and thorough remedy, and it applied the remedy in the instruction to the National Committee.

Any trick that the Committee may try to play will be baffled. When the election for delegates takes place, the districts will select them, and they will carry any contest that may arise to the National Convention itself. Events within the last two years have shown distinctly that the real drift and sentiment of the party are not represented by the "bosses" and the machine, and every sign is deceptive if the masses of the party do not promptly try conclusions with both bosses and machines if they are challenged to the test.

PERSONAL.

Now that Colonel DELANCEY KANE has resumed his daily four-in-hand coaching from the Hotel Brunswick to Pelham Bridge, and other gentlemen have established a similar daily excursion from the Brunswick to Yonkers, it may not be out of place to mention that the originator of mail-coaches in England was one PALMER, of Bath, and they were started in 1784, and his son, General PALMER, is said to have received £100,000 for his father's introduction of the mail-coach system. Prior to that time letters were conveyed on horseback. The coaches went very slowly. It is said that a man walking between Bury St. Edmunds and Newmarket was offered a lift on one as it passed him. He had been in the habit of accepting it, but on this occasion said, "No, thank you, I'm in a hurry to-day." Some years ago there was found at the back of a drawer in an inn at York an old handbill stating that a stage-coach would run between York and London, doing the distance, 200 miles, in four days. It mentioned the places where it would stop for the night, and added the positive assurance that the journey should be accomplished in *that* time.

—Mr. GEORGE OTTO TREVELYAN, who has just been appointed Chief Secretary for Ireland, is one of the most distinguished of the younger members of the House of Commons. He possesses all the requisites for Parliamentary success—scholarship, knowledge of affairs, industry, character, and remarkable ability as a speaker. He was elected to the House in 1865, at the age of twenty-seven, and has been regularly re-elected since. In 1880 Mr. GLADSTONE appointed him First Secretary of the Navy. He is the author of two of the best biographical works of the time—*The Life and Letters of Lord Macaulay*, and *The Early History of Charles James Fox*. In the present and future state of political affairs in Great Britain he can scarcely fail to be an important factor in any ministerial arrangements of the Liberal party.

—The Duke of Manchester had a lively time, by day and night, during his brief stay in New York, and professed to be delighted at everything that was done to edify and amuse him. "As for New York," said he, "we were never better treated in our lives, and it really will be for the benefit of our health that we should leave to-night, for we should all have the gout in another week. Your elevated roads, by-the-way, are simply a wonderful piece of work, and ever so much better than our under-ground roads at home. Mr. WILLIAM H. VANDERBILT'S house, too, is unsurpassable in its way, and unsurpassed. I never dreamed what New York was until I was taken in hand here by your people, and shown around the city. I was very sorry I could not take a sail up the river yesterday on Mr. BENNETT'S yacht; but my son, Lord MANDEVILLE, went. I shall not soon forget my visit, and the courtesy extended me from all quarters. That exhibition of the Fire Department particularly is a thing I shall always consider one of the wonders of my experience."

—When the Duchess of Edinburgh was in Paris the other day, says our bright contemporary the London *World*, her Royal Highness went about a good deal shopping on her own account. One evening quite late she arrived at the establishment of a celebrated *couturière*. Everybody was gone, and the *bonne* sent the Duchess away, saying that her mistress had retired for the night. Next morning the *bonne* reported that a "Madame D'Edinborg" had called late, and that she had refused to admit her. "Do you know who it is you have treated thus?" asked her mistress. "That was the daughter of a Czar of Russia, and she is the wife of a son of the Queen of England." "*Tiens!*" replied the *bonne*, greatly excercised at her lost opportunity, "and I let her go without having a good look at her!"

—Mayor GRACE, in the course of his excellent speech at the recent banquet of the Chamber of Commerce, said, pithily and truly, that New York city will never be well governed until its government ceases to be controlled by party politics, until the "business welfare of the community, and not the selfish interest of the politician, is the principal motive of our elections," and until "the wealthy take as great an interest in our community as the poor, whose right to vote is regarded by them as their best possession." The Mayor's position on this point commands the approval of all right-minded people of the community.

—Mr. WILLIAM CHAMBERS, the Edinburgh publisher, states that a medical superintendent of a large prison told him lately that there is no condition of society within his knowledge where the health is so good. Within three months after persons enter in pitiable plight, the regular diet, work, and rest have made them different beings.

—The fine painting by J. G. BROWN, entitled "The Deacon's Visit," of which an engraving was recently published in HARPER'S WEEKLY, is in the collection of Mrs. E. H. SMITH, of this city.

—Mr. S. P. COLT, the fortunate recipient of $50,000 under the will of the late C. J. VANDERBILT, was elected Attorney-General of Rhode Island on the 5th inst. He is a prominent member of the Rhode Island bar, and for two years past has been Assistant Attorney-General. Mr. VANDERBILT was frequently his guest at Bristol.

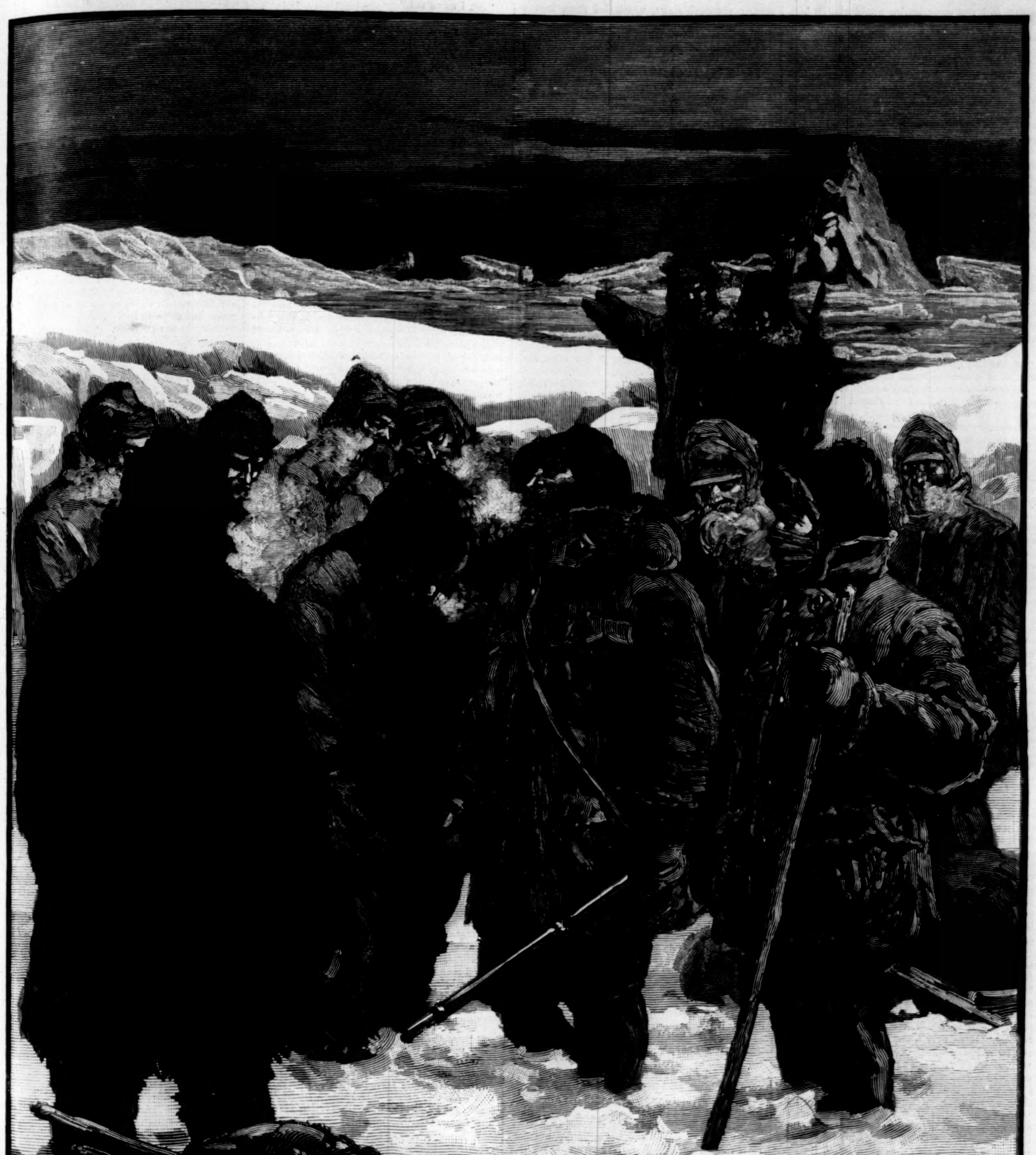
—The late Dr. EDWARD L. BEADLE, of Poughkeepsie, bequeathed $54,000 to various charitable institutions in Poughkeepsie and this city; $50,000 are set apart for the income of certain parties during their life, and at their death the amount is to be distributed among certain hospitals and medical colleges of this city, and institutions connected with the Reformed Church.

—The foundation of the fortune of the BARINGS was originally made in the clothing business in the west of England. It has been a rule in the house that when any of them becomes titled he goes out of the business. Sir FRANCIS BARING, the first great banker, who died in 1810, leaving $10,000,000, had three sons—THOMAS, ALEXANDER, and HENRY. The last was a bold and lucky gambler, but as such a reputation was unsuited to the respectability of the firm, he was "induced" to retire. ALEXANDER BARING came to Philadelphia, and there the richest banker in England married the daughter of the richest citizen of the United States. One of his gigantic transactions possesses a historical importance. After the conclusion of the great European war he paid down a sum of £1,100,000, by which France was freed from the occupation of Russian, Austrian, and German armies. "There are six great powers in Europe," said the Duc de Richelieu—"England, France, Russia, Austria, Prussia, and BARING BROTHERS." In 1835 he was made Lord ASHBURTON. Two of his sons held the title, and each successively retired from the business. The head of the firm, THOMAS BARING, became Chancellor of the Exchequer in Lord MELBOURNE'S ministry, and another member, Lord NORTHBROOK, has been Governor-General of India.

—In the "Franklin Square" edition of *The First Forty Years of the Life of Thomas Carlyle* occurs the following: The visit referred to occurred in 1833, when CARLYLE was 38, and EMERSON 30 years of age. "The CARLYLES were sitting alone at dinner on a Sunday afternoon at the end of August, when a Dumfries carriage drove to the door, and there stepped out of it a young American then unknown to fame, but whose influence in his own country equals that of CARLYLE in ours, and whose name stands connected with his wherever the English language is spoken. EMERSON, the younger of the two, had just broken his Unitarian fetters, and was looking out and round him like a young eagle longing for light. He had read CARLYLE'S articles, and had discerned with the instinct of genius that here was a voice speaking real and fiery convictions, and no longer echoes and conventionalisms. He had come to Europe to study its social and spiritual phenomena; and to the young EMERSON, as to the old GOETHE, the most important of them appeared to be CARLYLE. He had obtained an introduction to him from JOHN MILL, in London, armed with which he had come off to Scotland. MILL had prepared CARLYLE for his possible appearance not very favorably, and perhaps recognized in after-years the fallibility of his judgment. CARLYLE made no such mistake. The fact itself of a young American having been so affected by his writings as to have sought him out in the Dunscore moors was a homage of the kind which he could especially value and appreciate. The acquaintance then begun to their mutual pleasure ripened into a deep friendship, which has remained unclouded in spite of wide divergences of opinion throughout their working lives, and continues warm as ever at the moment when I am writing these words (June 27, 1880), when the labors of both of them are over, and they wait in age and infirmity to be called away from a world to which they have given freely all that they had to give."

COUNTRY COURTSHIP.—Drawn by S. G. McCutcheon.

THE OLD CHURCH AT SLEEPY HOLLOW.—Photographed by Pach from a Painting by A. Wordsworth Thompson.—[See Page 311.]



THE ARCTIC TRAGEDY—PARTING WITH NOROS AND NINDERMAN.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.

THE ARCTIC TRAGEDY.

No incident of arctic exploration with which the world is acquainted is more pathetic than the parting of Noros and Ninderman from their companions—a scene which our artist has endeavored to depict from the simple but graphic description given by Noros. The Sunday service had been read by the commanding officer, and the little group, standing almost knee deep in the pitiless snow, clasped hands with their parting comrades, and bade them godspeed on their search for the relief which was never to arrive.

The news of the discovery of the dead explorers created a profound impression in Europe and America, and elicited the most hearty expressions of admiration for their bravery, and deep regret for their sufferings and tragic fate. As the London *Standard* most truly says, "That they suffered nobly and died like men, dared much and did their best, will be the verdict of the world on the dead commander and his gallant companions, of whose heroism their country has every reason to be proud."

THE FRENCH POLICE.

Every ward of Paris has four quarters, and each quarter has its police station with a commissaire. The Commissaire de Police is the *custos morum*, the censor, the executive magistrate, of the district where he resides. He is not a justice, for he has no power to pass sentences; but he has unlimited power as to ordering the arrest of persons whom he may regard as suspicious characters; and as arrest in France generally involves three days' detention at least, this puts the liberty of the subject at the commissaire's mercy.

In all their difficulties Frenchmen fly to the Commissaire de Police. If two men quarrel in the streets, the policeman who hears them will propose an adjournment to the commissaire's; if a landlord have to deal with a noisy tenant, if parents are vexed by a troublesome child, the Commissaire de Police is appealed to, and mostly settles the grievance by reprimanding the offending party, and asking for his promise that he will not offend again. By such rough-and-ready informal adjudications a great many trumpery cases that in other countries would be carried before magistrates are settled out of hand. The commissaire makes no charge for his ministrations, and never refuses to exert his authority to prevent a scandal. A wife will rush to him and say: "My husband has taken to drink of late, and I am tired of expostulating with him. Can not you say something?" And the commissaire will at once send for the husband, and remonstrate with him on the error of his ways. Or it will be a husband who will come, saying: "My wife's goings on leave much to be desired, and my patience is beginning to fail me. I wish you would tell her that if this continues, there will be trouble." And the commissaire does tell her.

The terror inspired by the police is very great. No man or woman cares to make an enemy of the Commissaire de Police, for nobody exactly knows to what point the powers of the police may stretch; and thus many a scandal which might have borne disastrous fruits is nipped in the bud. If a person seeking to trade on a shameful secret should venture, however, to defy the police, he would very soon find that the commissaire's threats were no brute thunder. He would be sent to the Prisoners' Dépôt at the Pre-

fecture, and the commissaire would charge him privately with seeking to extort money. As the examination of prisoners is not held publicly in France, the Juge d'Instruction might keep the man in jail for months without bringing him to trial, and without anybody except the commissaire and the person who had been threatened knowing why he was detained. If the blackmailer had compromising letters in his possession, they would be taken from him by force, and he would only be released when he had promised to behave himself. Moreover, his antecedents would be thoroughly sifted, and if any blemish were found in them, the culprit might see himself rated on the police books as a suspicious character, and be ordered to leave Paris instantly on his release.

THE ALIONBY GHOST.

In all the village of Saxonholme there was no one more unlikely to be the heroine of a romantic adventure than poor, plain, little Margaret Henderson. However, she was modest, sweet-tempered, and moderately clever, and girls of this kind will always find some admirer as long as sensible men exist. Not that at the time my story commences Margaret had a lover; on the contrary, she had always been too busy to entertain an idea at once so pleasant and so extravagant.

Indeed, there was not much room for extravagance of any kind in Margaret's home. Her father was only the village school-master, and his salary was eighty pounds a year—not a very great income when there was a large family to support out of it. And unfortunately Margaret's eldest brother, who ought to have been a great help to the family, was a great trouble—a genuine human black sheep indeed, who had, however, finally taken himself away to foreign pastures.

Margaret had been his only friend when he was at home, and it was generally believed that even in his self-imposed banishment he kept up a regular correspondence with his sister, but there were no proofs of this, and Margaret never in any way alluded to him. If she had this little bit of secret romance in her life, it was the one relief to wearisome and monotonous days of prosaic labor.

But no ill fortune lasts forever. By dint of hard and persevering efforts Margaret at length acquired an education which she thought might warrant her advertising for the situation of a governess. This application brought her an answer signed, "Alice Selby, for Lady Alionby." Alionby Castle was in a distant shire; it looked almost like going into a foreign country to Margaret, but, upon the whole, she preferred it so. Deep down in the little woman's heart was a strong vein of romance, and her fancy was taken by this dream of a little child in a big lonely castle; and indeed the castle, without the child, would have been attraction enough.

So Lady Alionby's terms were at once accepted, and a week afterward she found herself standing alone at the gates of Alionby Park. The stage-coach had dropped her and her small trunk there, and after waiting in the lodge a quarter of an hour, a quiet old lady, driving a low pony-phaeton, called for her. She introduced herself as "Mrs. Selby," and after some slight apology for not being there when the coach arrived, she remained silent. Margaret followed her example, and during the drive occupied herself with admiring the huge oaks and beeches, and the thick green turf of the park.

The castle stood on a slight eminence, and was surrounded on three sides by dense woods; the fourth was open to the wild beating of the Atlantic on a rough, rocky coast. The entrance hall struck Margaret as peculiarly dark, vast, and chilly; but they passed quickly through it to a small parlor in which a coal fire was brightly blazing. Here, over a cup of tea, Mrs. Selby, in as few words as possible, explained to Margaret what she was expected to do, and what she was expected not to do.

In the first place, it was evident that Lady Alionby might be a myth for aught Margaret would be likely to see of her. "She receives no visitors, and has a peculiar dislike to strange faces," said Mrs. Selby; "and as the left wing of the castle is set apart for her use, you will be required on all occasions to avoid it."

"And my pupil?"

"The right wing is placed at her disposal and yours; it is ample enough to render any trespass upon the centre of the castle unnecessary."

"Will not Lady Alionby give me some directions about the education of the child intrusted to me?"

"She is satisfied to leave it to your discretion. Every week I shall examine what progress has been made." There was a strange air of authority about the little old waiting-woman, and Margaret was half inclined to resent it; but she was somewhat awed by the peculiarity of her position, and the strange stillness and isolation of the life into which she had dropped.

Margaret thoroughly understood, too, the value of accommodating herself to circumstances, and after she had finished her tea, she sat quietly gazing through the window at the black-green surges beating themselves into foam among the rocks below her. Perhaps Mrs. Selby wished to test her patience and self-restraint, for she sat in equal silence and impassiveness until the day was quite dead, and there was no light of any kind save the dull glimmer of the red coals in the grate.

Then slowly, and with a deep sigh, she lit a candle, and said, "Come, if you are rested, I will take you to your rooms and your pupil."

Margaret followed her in a queerly indifferent mood; all her interest and curiosity seemed to have evaporated. "So soon," she muttered—"so soon have I caught the dream-like feeling of the place." Through long marble halls, cold and dark, they passed, until they reached the eastern wing. Here there was a broad flight of handsomely carpeted stairs, which led them into a suite of splendid apartments. The first seemed to be a kind of library and music-room; the second, a parlor of great size, and very richly furnished.

But Margaret's attention was at once fixed upon a child who was lying in a graceful attitude on a rug of long white silky wool. The fire glowed over her white cheeks, and made strange glancing lights in her silken dress, and tipped with a rosy hue the little white sandals of the tiny lady. She looked curiously up from her book as the two women approached her, and when Mrs. Selby said, "Julia, here is your new governess," she stood up and examined Margaret with a frankness that had in it something extremely charming.

Evidently the scrutiny satisfied her. She laid her daintily mittened hand in Margaret's, and said: "You will do. I shall like you, I know. Mrs. Selby, you may go away now."

Mrs. Selby smiled at the small lady's air of authority, but took with apparent pleasure her dismissal. Then Margaret drew a chair to the fire and sat down, determined to await patiently the next move in this strange life-drama.

Julia seemed to have also the same intention. She sat on a stool in front of Margaret, studying alternately the fire, a picture in her book, and then the face of her companion. There was something uncannily premature in the elf-like child, even her wonderful beauty had an intelligence about it oddly at variance with the baby frock and silken sandals.

By-and-by the child stepped lightly across the rug, and laying her open book on Margaret's knee, said, gravely, "Do you believe Robinson Crusoe ever saw that *one—naked—foot-print* on the sands?"

"No," answered Margaret, boldly.

"I do," said the child, with a positiveness that defied contradiction.

Margaret nodded.

"Did you ever read the *Castle of Otranto?*"

"Yes."

"Do you believe that?"

"No, not at all."

"Oh, but you will. You don't think the castle was haunted, eh?"

"Certainly not," answered Margaret, with a still more decided emphasis.

"Oh, but *it was!* This castle is haunted too. You will find that out; all my governesses do," said the weird little woman, nodding her head mysteriously.

Margaret was so confused and astonished by the calm assurance of this assertion that she could think of no commonplace that was strong enough for contradiction, and half afraid of her eerie companion, she asked, "When do you go to bed, my lady?"

"When I get sleepy. I am not sleepy to-night. Last night I heard some one walking about in the next room at this time. I want to see if *they* come back again."

"They? Whom do you mean?"

"I don't know: do you? Alison says *they* are my ancestors. What are ancestors?"

By this time a creeping feeling of fear that she could not quite control took possession of Margaret. She glanced cautiously behind and around her; even the strange shapes that the spider-like legs of the furniture took in the dim corners of the large room filled her with a vague, unreasonable terror.

"Oh, you are frightened!" said the child, in a voice that was half scornful, half indignant.

This imputation Margaret stoutly denied; but in spite of all her efforts to appear indifferent, she perceived that the keen mental sight of her pupil had measured her weakness, and despised her for it.

"Touch the bell."

Margaret obeyed, and almost immediately an old woman appeared.

"You may put me to bed now, Alison. I am very much disappointed;" and, with the shadow of a courtesy, she disappeared with her attendant through one of the many doors communicating with the parlor in which they were sitting.

It was not a very pleasant beginning, but better came of it than Margaret hoped for. The dreamy, superstitious child found a kindred spirit in her teacher. They soon fell into a course of reading which was as new and fascinating to Margaret as to the child. The library was ransacked for weird stories and poems, and the little lady delighted in nothing so much as in hearing her governess read or recite such morsels of haunted literature as the "Ancient Mariner."

One night they had stood at the window watching the great waves of a rising storm lash themselves into foam and spray among the rocks. The wind wailed pitifully; the rain beat against the window-panes: it was a dreary night.

"Come and read me about the Ancient Mariner again," said Julia, seating herself upon the rug, and clasping her hands around her small knees. Margaret, nothing loath, commenced in a slow, measured tone the wondrous poem; but feeling the child's eyes thrilling her into a genuine belief of the whole ghostly story, she gradually dropped her voice till its whispers frightened even herself.

Suddenly she became aware of a draught of colder air, and the next moment of an influence altogether strange and unfamiliar. The child opened wider her great dark eyes, and slightly nodded at Margaret. In a few moments her lips parted, and she said, slowly, "Look up."

Margaret obeyed her mechanically, and saw—yes, she was sure she saw—a wild white face peering in at them, as a lost spirit might gaze longingly into some paradise he never could enter.

"Go on! go on! You must go on!" And Margaret, obedient to the child's stronger will, finished the poem.

"Do you believe in the Castle of Otranto now?"

"No, I think not."

But from this time forward Margaret was kept in a constant and restless uncertainty. The strangest things were continually happening. If she left a book that she had been reading open at one place, the mark would be removed to some other part that generally in some way or other referred to conversations which she had believed to have only been heard by Julia. The child's clothing was changed and removed, her curtains parted, and in the halls and corridors outside their usual sitting-rooms flitting footsteps were often distinctly audible.

Nor was Margaret personally free from annoyance. During her walks with Lady Julia she was often certain that the materials of her work-basket had been re-arranged, and on one occasion a letter which she was writing to her brother was taken away, and during her absence the following day mysteriously restored.

She began now to strongly suspect human agency in all these annoyances, and a dreadful fear entered her heart: perhaps, for some wicked reason or other, the people around the little Julia were desirous of utterly unnerving and destroying the child's mental powers. It was possible that such a wicked design accomplished might place the inheritance in other hands. She had, indeed, nothing on which to base so dreadful a supposition; but it was the only one she could imagine that would account for a series of events which, if supernatural, were strangely puerile, and seemingly deficient in purpose.

"But if there is any conspiracy against this innocent child, I shall discover it," she said, almost angrily. And forthwith dismissing all idea of supernatural influence or interference, she set herself, with a patient will, the task of meeting this disturbing ghost, whoever or whatever it might be.

Possibly her purpose was divined, for no sooner had she made this resolution than all annoyance disappeared. Week after week went peaceably away, and their lives passed in a dream of strange peace, filled with all the weird images that poets for many a century had conjured up.

Early in the spring Julia had a dangerous fever, and Margaret drew very near the child in this crisis. As soon as it was possible to move her, the east wing was deserted for a time, and rooms in the centre of the castle were appropriated to the invalid and Margaret.

One night, as she sat watching by the sick child's bed, she saw distinctly the shadow of a man's figure on the wall. "Ghosts do not cast shadows," she thought; "and if our visitor has come back, he will have to speak to me, I think. Certainly I have a right to know by what or whose authority he haunts us so persistently."

But though she moved cautiously, and kept constantly on the alert, she could not see anything tangible enough to accost. Frequently she heard rapid stealthy footsteps along the corridors, and one night, when the sick child had suffered a dangerous relapse, slow, heavy foot-falls were distinctly to be heard in the room above them all through the long hours of that anxious night. Even the child, though half delirious, had been conscious of this ghostly watcher, and had raised her eyes with a singular expression of a recognition that was a mixture of terror and pleasure.

It might be a week after this, Julia was recovering again, and Mrs. Selby had watched her until after midnight in order that Margaret might rest awhile. Then she resigned her place to the governess. But a singular feeling of un-rest possessed Margaret. She could not sit still; she glided up and down the room, and frequently looked out of the window and into the long corridor that went by the room.

There was a large oriel-window at the end of this corridor, and in its curtained recess a cushioned chair or two.

As the waning moon began to rise above the horizon, this recess became perfectly distinct in all its details, and Margaret noticed particularly that over one of the chairs was a shawl or garment that looked in the wan cold light as if made of some soft and snowy white texture and color.

When she looked again, the shawl had been removed. She sat calmly down and reasoned about this event, and in about half an hour again examined the window recess. The moon shone full into it now, and reclining motionless in one of the chairs was the figure of a man. Without daring to think, she advanced cautiously toward it. The figure never moved. She stood at its side; she examined the wan handsome face; but the man was evidently in a deep sleep.

Margaret then returned to her room and wrote:

"I have watched you sleeping to-night, and felt a great pity for you. If I can help you, return to-morrow at the same hour. You may trust me.
"Julia's Governess."

For Margaret was now certain that some wicked plot involving both the child and the man was in progress, and she was resolved to defeat it.

The next night the moon was later, and the oriel was in shadow, but there sat her visitor. He had, then, noticed and understood the note she had laid within his hand. She cautiously approached him, and he rose to meet her. An hour afterward the pale moon touched with a strange light the eager listening face of Margaret, and the pale handsome man, who seemed very unwilling to part with her.

Then a rapid and beautiful change came over the grave plain governess. Her face grew almost pretty. She startled the still rooms with snatches of song. The child grew rapidly well in the new vitality around it. And one thing was noticeable: Margaret grew gayer as night approached; even Mrs. Selby saw this, and began to watch her with a curious look of suspicion.

Still it was not until the middle of August that the mystery was solved. One warm still night, when the heavy odor of the honeysuckles filled the air, Margaret, having seen Julia in the first dreamless sleep of childhood, stole quietly through the deserted chapel of the castle into the thick shrubbery that surrounded it. There the ghost of the corridor was waiting for her, and Margaret was clasped in his arms, and kissed and caressed as beloved women have always been kissed and caressed by their lovers.

Perhaps they had much to talk about, for Margaret staid much longer than usual, and when she reached again the old chapel, Mrs. Selby suddenly confronted her.

"Miss Henderson, whom have you been to meet?"

"Lord Richard Alionby."

"Ah! You know, then—"

"I know all, my lady; even more than you do."

"Whom are you addressing?"

"Lady Alionby, Lord Richard's mother."

"What a traitor my son has been!"

"No, my lady, you wrong him."

"How did you discover Lord Richard?"

Then Margaret truthfully related all her fright, and the way in which suspicion of a mortal presence had come to her. She described their first meeting in the corridor. "Your son," she said, "weary and lonely in his long confinement, did me the honor to feel interested in my life. He watched me, and being jealous of some unknown person to whom I wrote, he stole my letter, and thus discovered that the brother with whom I corresponded was in the service of Colonel John Chaloner."

"What is it that you say? Speak quickly. Does John Chaloner live?"

"My lady, I have given Lord Richard this night a letter from him."

"Margaret! Margaret! Then my son may look the world in the face again? He is not a murderer!"

"He is waiting to tell you this."

"But come with me, Margaret—we have evidently one interest in this matter." So for the first time in her two years' sojourn at Alionby Margaret entered the left wing of the castle. It had been for six years the unsuspected residence of a supposed murderer. So long ago, in a quarrel with his cousin Chaloner, Lord Richard had shot, and it was supposed killed, his opponent. Chaloner did not die, but, utterly ruined in credit and reputation, when he found himself recovering, he had persuaded his relatives to circulate a report of his death, and provide him with the means of commencing life again in Burmah.

What the result might be to his cousin he had not cared to contemplate, but certainly, until Margaret wrote to him, he had never imagined a punishment equal to six years' imprisonment and remorse. The general idea had been that Lord Richard had fled to India, or, as some said, to Central Asia, and that Lady Alionby was striving to atone for her son's wrong by adopting and educating John Chaloner's daughter as the heiress of Alionby.

But the fashionable world had now a genuine sensation. First the return of Colonel Chaloner with a large fortune from Burmah, and a few days afterward it was authoritatively stated that Lady Alionby had re-opened her London mansion in order to celebrate the return home of Lord Richard.

Greatly to the chagrin of many fine matrons, Lord Alionby returned with a wife, "an exceedingly plain person," as the Duchess of Courtney said, disapprovingly. But the "exceedingly plain person" cares very little for such criticism. She is the idol of her husband's heart, and the mistress of one of the finest homes in England.

SYSTEMS OF EDUCATION.

The systems of education employed to soften and cultivate men are nowhere alike. Germany has its own, France has recently created one, England and America differ, and legislators in all past ages have varied in their methods of teaching. They have agreed only in one point—that knowledge is necessary to good government and the progress of society.

One of the most peculiar of these systems is that of China. It is, no doubt, the oldest. Shut up within their mountains, cut off from the rest of their species by natural barriers, the Chinese emperors more than four thousand years ago began to teach their people. They founded their government upon knowledge. It is the purest of despotisms, the most perfect of democracies. No hereditary caste divides the people, and every year the examinations at the public schools create anew the ruling class. The *literati* govern China, and amidst endless political changes, wars, revolutions, fearful disasters, and scenes of unparalleled massacre and bloodshed, the public school has held together this peculiar people, and the literary class preserved the unity of the nation. Imperfect as has always been their system of popular instruction, it has at least made their political institutions almost indestructible.

Rome and Greece knew nothing of isolated China, and never borrowed its system of public schools. Had the Roman emperors imitated the Chinese, their power might have withstood the shock of Northern conquest; or possibly the Roman Republic might have survived in its purity had it taught its people how to think and how to live. While China was educating its hundreds of millions, Europe left its laboring classes in intense ignorance. Charlemagne and Alfred strove vainly to cultivate their people. Chaucer and Wycliffe, Wolsey and Wykeham, were as unsuccessful. It is apparently only the government that can educate successfully, and the German princes and the Scottish reformers were the first to compel men to be wise. In China the government tempted its people to study by the offers of political advantages, but in Europe the plan of compulsion was early adopted. It has been made the foundation of nearly all the new systems of

education. England borrowed it from Germany in 1870, and made it a penal offense in the parent to keep his children from the school. The new code just adopted in France enlarges the provision. It is enforced by a fine or imprisonment.

The French code is the latest and possibly the most complete of these systems of education. It includes among its studies the application of science to agriculture and the preservation of health. It teaches "the industrial arts, manual labor," and "the use of tools in the principal crafts." Some of its provisions are singularly rigid, and yet necessary. Children taught at home must yearly undergo an examination by the public commissioners. If the result is unsatisfactory, the child may be required to attend the public school or a private one. Every child is taken under the care of the state. After examination he receives a certificate of primary studies. Primary education is compulsory for both sexes between the ages of six and thirteen. If this law is carried out, it is plain that within a few years, perhaps before the end of the century, every person in France will be carefully educated, and every one enabled to earn his own living. In Paris new school-houses have been built, and new means of education provided for the poor. In 1879, there were only 7000 of its children who could find no seats in the public schools; in 1882, it is supposed that there is room for all. It is somewhat mortifying to remember that, according to the recent statement of its Mayor, in 1881, 9000 children were driven away from the schools of New York for want of room.

The English system, Mr. Mundella tells us in his latest report, is very successful. It is compulsory, and aims to provide a seat in school for every child. Many still escape its influence. There is accommodation in the schools for 4,045,000; an average attendance of 2,863,000. The attendance increases; the number of "dunces" diminishes, and eighty-one per cent. of the scholars examined passed with credit and success. Scotland, we are told, is even more advanced educationally than its neighbor kingdom. Its average attendance is greater, its "passes" are eighty-eight instead of eighty-one per cent., and the intellect of the Scotch still retains the impulse given it by the free schools of Knox and Wishart.

The desire of the people for knowledge is one of the marked traits of our period. Systems of education have sprung up in every Western land. Spain, Italy, France, and England contend with each other in the spread of popular instruction. It is time for our own legislators and people to see that we are not left behind in the race, that America shall still lead the way in free education, and so perfect its system as to make it the most complete and thorough of all.

EUGENE LAWRENCE.

THE OLD SLEEPY HOLLOW CHURCH, 1750.

THE Old Dutch Church, made familiar through the writings of WASHINGTON IRVING, and known as the Church of Phillipsburg, was built by FREDERICK PHILLIPSE and KATHARINE VAN CORTLANDT his wife in 1694—completed in 1699, according to a tablet inserted beside the doorway. It stands within sight of the Hudson River, about a mile beyond the village of Tarrytown, and not far from the spot upon which the ill-fated Major ANDRÉ was captured.

Its surroundings are filled with historical interest, and were the scenes of many exciting events during the war of the Revolution. It has lost little of its original character, and is still used as a place of worship by the descendants of those who stood within its walls nearly two hundred years ago. The bell that rings out so shrill was cast according to order in Holland in 1685, and bears, besides its date, the inscription: "*Si Deus pro nobis, quis contra nos?*"—If God be for us, who can be against us?

HOW TRAMPS HELP THE BURGLARS.

IN England, as elsewhere, the professional tramp prospers because he makes it his business to get at the weak side of everybody in skillful wise. He has always an ostensible pursuit, which he varies according to circumstances, and under cover of which he begs and swindles almost without being felt. But let us take a professional tramp on his rounds. Here we find some difficulty in making choice among the numerous varieties of fencers and fakers, hawkers and dodgers, that compose the body. There are a hundred and fifty such varieties at least, every one having its own peculiarities, and every one well worth studying. The putter-up will serve our purpose as well as any. This is a personage who travels about to procure information for house-breakers, and to smooth the way before them. He is never alone, because he is well aware that there are places to which he can never gain access, be his skill and plausibility what they may, and persons who will never allow him to approach them, while in most instances a duly accomplished female will accomplish with ease the task which he finds impossible. The man himself is prepossessing and intelligent, always has a great amount of multifarious information, and not infrequently is highly educated, and the woman is even more interesting than himself.

The pair reach the scene of operations, and betake them to different houses. Though they hunt in couples, it would not do for them to show themselves to the public too much together. Each puts up at a quiet and highly respectable lodging. Toward evening the man drops in at the tramp-house, where such visitors are common. Hither are bound to come for information all those predatory rascals who are compelled to maintain appearances, and who therefore dare not lodge in tramp-houses. The usual signs pass between landlord and visitor, and the latter explains that he requires certain information concerning the neighborhood. He is shown into a little gloomy hole, barely larger than a good-sized cupboard, but well away from eavesdroppers and observation, and therefore just the place for confidential colloquy between two shady people. In a little while the agent makes his appearance. He is a gray-haired, gaunt, weather-beaten veteran, very much stooped at the shoulders, and in very shabby attire. He has a patch over one eye. The remaining eye, however, is bright enough, and the unshaven face is hard and shrewd-looking. A reputation for extreme age enables him to assume the drivel of senility whenever awkward people, as the police, pester him with awkward questions. He has been a fixture in the tramp-house for eight or nine years past—ever since he was taken on to fill the place of just such another who had retreated to the work-house to die in peace. This one will do the same in his turn ere long, and then there will be another broken-down tramp ready to fill the vacancy. Ostensibly he is wood-chopper, boot-cleaner, messenger, and that sort of thing. In reality he is adviser of the tramps frequenting the house concerning the best routes, the best houses along them, and the best ways of utilizing both, for forty miles round. He has traversed them all, highway and by-way, over and over, in days gone by; and constant intercourse with vagabonds of all sorts and from all quarters keeps him just as well acquainted with this wide stretch of country, and all that concerns tramps therein, as he was in his best days. There is no tramp-house in the kingdom without such a retainer; in fact, he is indispensable.

The old man carries a roll of papers and a ledger, which he places on the table beside the visitor. Their intercourse begins with a little drinking and hobnobbing; and while they are so engaged we will take a look at the roll. First comes a large travelling map of England, with all the roads laid down, and the distances from town to town carefully marked. This is as it came from the publisher; but there is a good deal more besides. It is thickly marked in most directions, especially in the counties adjoining this particular tramp-house, with crosses, squares, diamonds, ovals, triangles, and other marks, neatly drawn in ink, and all very pregnant of meaning to the interpreter; and he will instruct the querist of the moment in every one that concerns his projected tramp and its business, but not a particle beyond. The cross denotes that there the police are strict, and the diamond that they are lax; the oval signifies that there is a house in the vicinity where the tramp may dispose of any little trifle he may pick up on the way, and he is instructed how to make the acquaintance of its keepers; and the square intimates that there is a charity hard by which may be laid under contribution. Other signs tell the characters of the tramp-houses along the road and of their keepers, and whether they stand well with the authorities or not. In addition the tramp gets the names of the gentry along his line of march, with useful hints concerning themselves and their domestic usages.

Inside the map is folded a plan of the immediate neighborhood, and with this our putter-up and the interpreter are soon busy. It consists, it may be, of a sheet or two of the Ordnance Survey, or of a roughly drawn sketch, not quite so accurate, but as useful in its way, since it conveys all the information of the more scientific plan in sufficiently intelligible form. On this plan is marked every house of any consequence, with a number attached to it. And on referring to the corresponding number in the ledger, we find there quite a history of the houses for the period the book embraces. There are the names of the various families occupying it during that time, the probable amounts of their incomes, and various particulars respecting domestic arrangements. There is a list of servants, corrected down to the day of reference, with a number of interesting memoranda respecting individuals. There are also notices of family events, as births, marriages, deaths, and, above all, scandals. And the interpreter is prepared to expand these hints to the satisfaction of the visitor whenever called upon to do so. In short, the ledger of the tramp-house, with the series of ledgers to which it belongs, contains quite a history of the district and its leading inhabitants for several generations.

Having ransacked the tramp ledger and pumped its interpreter dry on the matters which interest him, our putter-up pays his fee, and is then referred to one or more of a class whom we shall term discreet tradesmen for further information. He seeks them in turn, and the interview with one is a type of the interview with all. He finds the tradesman behind his counter, walks up familiarly, and requests half an hour's private conversation. The request is accompanied by some peculiar little gesture which warns the man addressed of the nature of the business, and it is granted on the instant. The pair are soon in the grocer's little parlor, busy negotiating. The conversation is exceedingly guarded on both sides. The grocer knows perfectly well the sort of man he has before him, and the uses to which he will put whatever information he may get; nevertheless, if the putter-up were to say a single word in his real character, the discreet tradesman would flame up in virtuous indignation, and show him to the door.

The visitor accordingly veils his purpose under a plausible excuse—as, for instance, he is a scientist whose special hobby compels him to acquaint himself with the domestic arrangements of the aristocracy, these things having so much to do with the moral and intellectual development of the class. The grocer acquiesces, explaining that he has been visited more than once by such gentlemen, the last, seven or eight months before, being a *savant* who held that there was an intimate connection between the turn of a man's ideas on Indian finance and the way he fastened his back door, and who was collecting materials in support of the theory. He adds that he is always happy to further the interests of science to the best of his ability. Then the pair come to the point. There are three or four houses hereaways, states the visitor, whose architecture is very peculiar, and whose domestic arrangements are equally peculiar, as he has heard. He has no doubt in the world that details would confirm his scientific views; but how is he to ascertain them? He can not go to the heads of families and ask for what he wants; that were an act which no amount of scientific ardor would excuse. Still, he would dearly like to obtain the information. The grocer quite appreciates the predicament, hints that he could supply the want, and opines that under the circumstances the act would be perfectly honorable—nay, even praiseworthy. However, to do this in suitable style would take time, and with a tradesman time is money. Quite so, agrees the putter-up, and the terms are arranged in the same hypocritical fashion.

ELEPHANTS MINDING THE BABY.

THERE is nothing by any means uncommon or incredible in the stories which have been reported, says Buckland, about the children of a mahout being cared for by the mahout's elephant. It is always expedient to employ a married mahout if you can, with a hard-working wife and two or three children. The whole family become, as it were, parasites to the elephant by whom they earn their living. It is only a question of degree to what extent an elephant may be trusted with a baby; but I have seen a baby placed by its mother systematically under the elephant's care, and within reach of its trunk, whilst the mother went to fetch water, or to get wood or materials to cook the family dinner. No jackal or wolf would be likely to pick up and carry off a baby who was thus confided to the care of an elephant; but most people who have lived a life in the jungles know how very possible it is for a jackal or a wolf to carry off a baby, even when lying in a hut, when the mother's back is turned.

The children thus brought up in the companionship of an elephant become ridiculously familiar with it, and take all kinds of liberties with it, which the elephant seems to endure on the principle that it does not hurt her, while it amuses the child. You see a little naked black imp about two feet high standing on the elephant's bare back, and taking it down to the water to bathe, vociferating all the time in the most unbecoming terms of native abusive language. On arriving at the water the elephant, ostensibly in obedience to the imp's command, lies down and enjoys itself, just leaving a part of its body, like a small island, above-water, on which the small imp stands and shouts, and shouts all the more if so be that he has several companions of his own age, also in charge of their elephants, all wallowing in the water around him. If the imp slips off his island, the elephant's trunk promptly replaces him in safety. These little urchins as they grow up become first mates to mahouts, and eventually arrive at the dignity of being mahouts.

The wife of a mahout is almost always a great favorite with her elephant, and I remember a case in which the wife of a mahout who was killed by his elephant (I believe more by accident than from actual malice) succeeded in quieting the beast, which seemed to understand the poor woman's anguish at the death of her husband, and endeavored in its elephantine way to make amends for its offense. It is nothing new to say that the elephant is the most sagacious of animals, and those who have had most to do with them can not help liking and admiring them.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

GRAVE doubts are entertained as to the future of the young man in Illinois who went to the circus, got too near the monkeys' cage, and, on having his arm seized and savagely jerked by one of the robust anthropoids, remarked, "It is merely a monkey-wrench."

A mineralogist read to the San Francisco Microscopical Society an account of the discovery of a species of rock which, when struck, "flashed out with remarkable brilliancy." The name which the society bestowed on the new kind of mineral savors too strongly of profanity to be reportable.

The columns of Texas newspapers were recently made lurid by accounts of what happened when a resident bought a Roman candle, took it to his country home, and sought to go to bed by its light. He is reported as searching for the practical joker who loaded it.

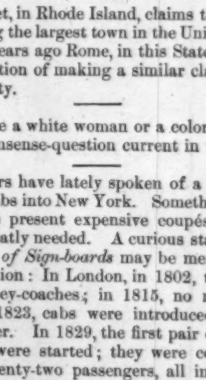
London museum men are credited with much ingenuity and fertility of expedient. It is said that a first-class Japanese idol is worth several thousand dollars in that city, but the Japanese will not sell them. So the museum men send out a missionary to turn them from their idols, and he ships the cast-off gods to his employers.

The Mayor of Fall River has refused to license a woman to sell liquor, not, it is stated, because the occupation would not become her sex, but on the ground that it would be unfair to the other dealers.

The brief period that sometimes elapses between the arrival of an Irishman from the old country and his blossoming out as an American citizen and office-holder in the metropolis has often been the subject of comment. But Jumbo seems to have outdone Pat as a political factor in the New World, in respect of importance, if not in the direction above alluded to. Jumbo was in Washington on the day when the Chinese bill was voted upon in the House of Representatives, and it is alleged that the passage of the bill was due to the absence of many opponents of the measure who had gone to see him.

The St. Louis newspapers speak of the tramps who lounge in the public parks as "mortal coils."

The following bit of Washington news is going around: "Two ladies who were girls together in Washington have not only exchanged names with each other, but official rank also. The daughter of Secretary Zachariah Chandler is the wife of Senator Eugene Hale, and the daughter of Senator John P. Hale is the wife of Secretary William E. Chandler."



FROZEN OUT.

The Turf Club of this city, an organization which has grown to large proportions in a short period, and which numbers among its members many of the best-known and wealthiest patrons of the turf in America, is to be congratulated on finding a happy issue out of troubles which threatened its existence. From an outside point of view this result seems to have been brought about by the reasonable and manly course determined upon by all concerned as soon as they saw the danger which menaced the club.

A teachers' association recently visited the Sutro Tunnel, and partook of a collation after emerging. The suggestion that the fragments be gathered up and sent to the Carson editors was acted upon, and the account says several large baskets of broken victuals went down on the morning freight train. "This cloud-burst of unlooked-for luck," says a Virginia City paper, "will probably result in the birth of another daily or two at the capital."

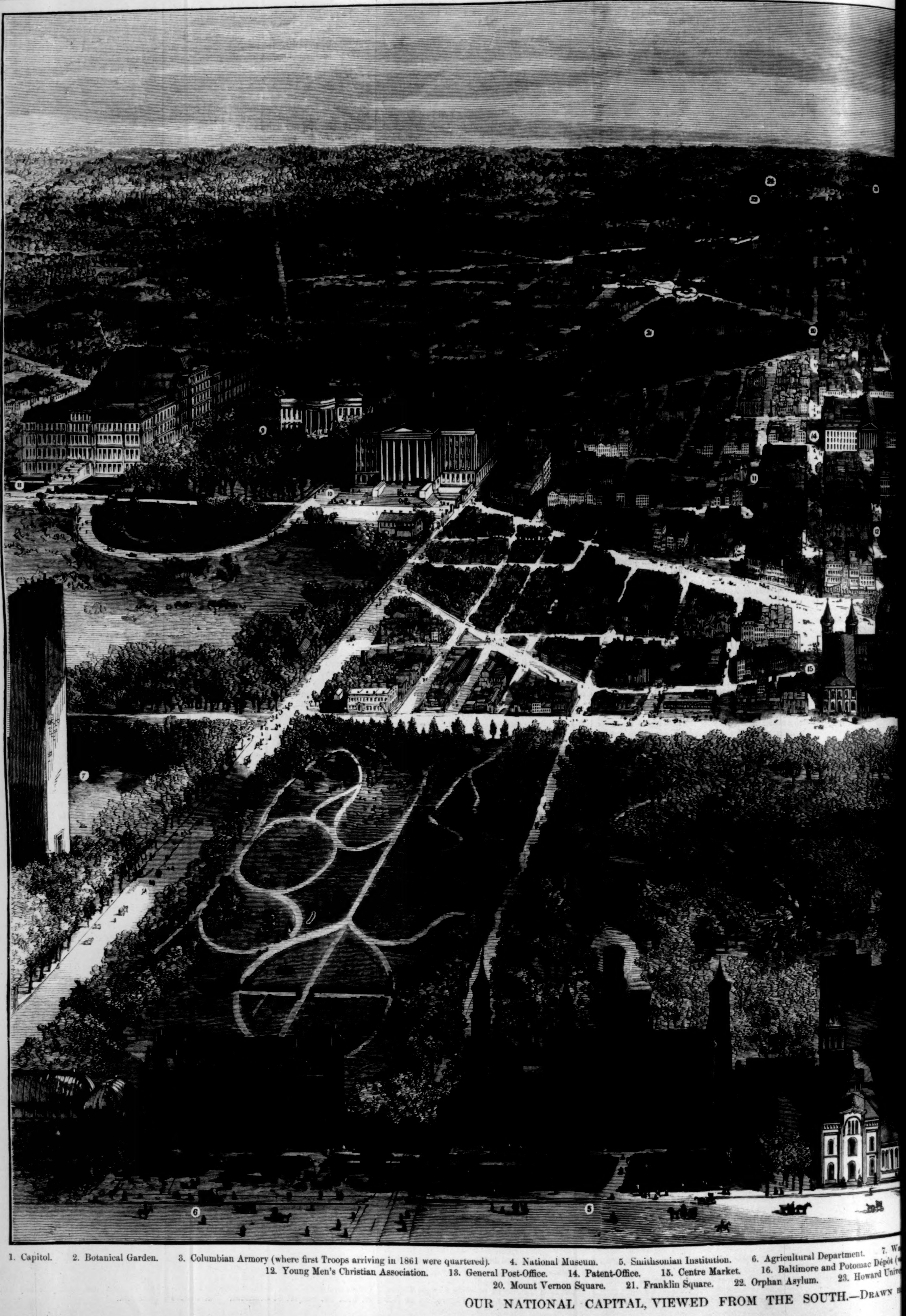
A rejected suitor in Philadelphia shot himself, and then said: "I have been refused by twelve women, and this"—meaning the one who had rejected him on the previous evening—"is the last one I'll ask."

Pawtucket, in Rhode Island, claims the distinction of being the largest town in the United States. Not many years ago Rome, in this State, forfeited the satisfaction of making a similar claim by becoming a city.

"Was she a white woman or a colored lady?" is a new nonsense-question current in the South.

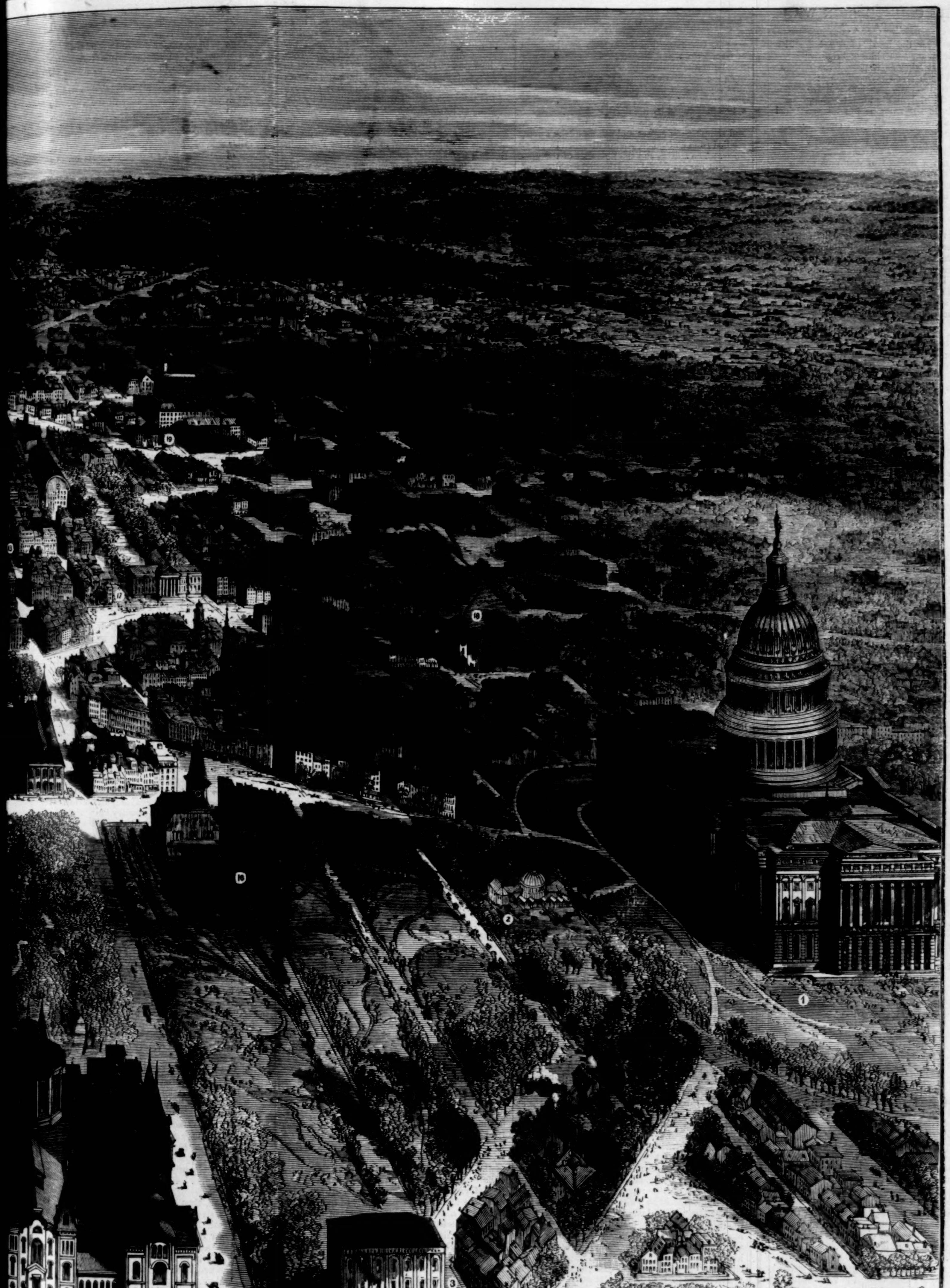
The papers have lately spoken of a project to introduce cabs into New York. Something cheaper than the present expensive coupés and carriages is greatly needed. A curious statement in the *History of Sign-boards* may be mentioned in this connection: In London, in 1802, there were 1100 hackney-coaches; in 1815, no more than 1300. In 1823, cabs were introduced, at first 12 in number. In 1829, the first pair of London omnibuses were started; they were constructed to carry twenty-two passengers, all inside; the fare was one shilling, or sixpence for half the distance, together with the privilege of a newspaper. A Mr. J. Shillaber was the owner of these carriages, and the first conductors were the two sons of a British naval officer.

There are indications of a lively yachting season. Another English racing cutter, said to be a swifter boat than the famous little *Madge*, which won so many victories in American waters last season, has arrived. It is rumored that the owner of the Canadian sloop *Atlanta*, which was built for the purpose of winning the *America* cup, but failed to meet the expectations of her builder, will again challenge for the cup this season, bringing this time a cutter-built craft. Members of the New York Yacht Club express their readiness to welcome any boat that, under the rules, can be a competitor for the cup. After their good-natured forbearance last season while waiting for the *Atlanta* to be put into racing trim, no one who contemplates attempting to carry away the trophy this summer can anticipate any but generous treatment.



1. Capitol. 2. Botanical Garden. 3. Columbian Armory (where first Troops arriving in 1861 were quartered). 4. National Museum. 5. Smithsonian Institution. 6. Agricultural Department. 7. W
12. Young Men's Christian Association. 13. General Post-Office. 14. Patent-Office. 15. Centre Market. 16. Baltimore and Potomac Dépôt (
20. Mount Vernon Square. 21. Franklin Square. 22. Orphan Asylum. 23. Howard Univ

OUR NATIONAL CAPITAL, VIEWED FROM THE SOUTH.—Drawn b



on Monument. 8. State, War, and Navy Departments. 9. White House. 10. Treasury Department. 11. Army Medical and Surgical Museum (Ford's Theatre, where President Lincoln was shot).
resident Garfield was shot). 17. City Hall (Place of Guiteau's Trial). 18. Baltimore and Ohio Dépôt. 19. Government Printing-Office.
24. Columbian College. 25. Soldiers' Home (Summer abode of several Presidents).

EO. R. DAVIS, FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY W. H. JACKSON.—[SEE PAGE 314.]

THE COUNTERSIGN WAS "MARY."

'Twas near the break of day, but still
The moon was shining brightly;
The west wind as it passed the flowers
Set each one swaying lightly;
The sentry slow paced to and fro
A faithful night-watch keeping,
While in the tents behind him stretched
His comrades—all were sleeping.

Slow to and fro the sentry paced,
His musket on his shoulder,
But not a thought of death or war
Was with the brave young soldier.
Ah no! his heart was far away
Where, on a Western prairie,
A rose-twined cottage stood. That night
The countersign was "Mary."

And there his own true love he saw,
Her blue eyes kindly beaming,
Above them, on her sun-kissed brow,
Her curls like sunshine gleaming,
And heard her singing, as she churned
The butter in the dairy,
The song he loved the best. That night
The countersign was "Mary."

"Oh, for one kiss from her!" he sighed,
When, up the lone road glancing,
He spied a form, a little form,
With falt'ring steps advancing.
And as it neared him silently
He gazed at it in wonder;
Then dropped his musket to his hand,
And challenged: "Who goes yonder?"

Still on it came. "Not one step more,
Be you man, child, or fairy,
Unless you give the countersign.
Halt! Who goes there?" "'Tis Mary,"
A sweet voice cried, and in his arms
The girl he'd left behind him
Half fainting fell. O'er many miles
She'd bravely toiled to find him.

"I heard that you were wounded, dear,"
She sobbed; "my heart was breaking;
I could not stay a moment, but,
All other ties forsaking,
I travelled, by my grief made strong,
Kind Heaven watching o'er me,
Until— Unhurt and well?" "Yes, love."
"—At last you stood before me.

They told me that I could not pass
The lines to seek my lover
Before day fairly came; but I
Pressed on ere night was over,
And as I told my name, I found
The way free as our prairie."
"Because, thank God! to-night," he said,
"The countersign is 'Mary.'"

Margaret Eytinge.

THE CITY OF WASHINGTON.

Strangely enough, Washington is contemplated by the press and people of America simply as the capital of the republic. In fact, its distinctiveness was fixed long ago in the public mind as the temporary abiding-place of Clay, Webster, Adams, Benton, and Calhoun, and as the seat of law-making power. As those highest in office shrank into comparative littleness, contrasted with statesmen and prophets dwelling in the capital, even so was the city itself veiled by the majesty of men whose learning and eloquence forced mankind to talk and think and write of Washington. Nevertheless it grew apace, and began, *bello flagrante*, to assert itself, and as Federal expenditure became generous, it rapidly gathered wealth and numbers.

The eastern portico of the Capitol was originally designed to mark the principal entrance to the mighty pile of white marble, but the nascent city violated the purpose of its builders, by extending in a western direction rather than equally toward all the points of the compass, reaching out, naturally enough perhaps, though unexpectedly, toward its most attractive suburb, Georgetown, a trading village of considerable wealth before the old Capitol—constituting the central portion of this of our time—was finished. When its corner-stone was laid, England's King had long been honored by having his name designate the spot whose heights, now crowned by the famed Jesuit college, became historical in the war of 1812. Lines of demarkation between Washington and Georgetown have been obliterated. Half a century ago they were three miles apart. Now, nominally and in truth, they are merged into one another, and Georgetown, with its 20,000 inhabitants, is known as "West Washington." It was Georgetown that drew after it the wealth and traffic of the capital, and made the "West End" here, as in England's metropolis, the central seat of wealth and fashion; and it was Georgetown that thus made the western approach the front of the Capitol rather than the eastern, as designed by our fathers, and caused the city itself, following the flight of empire, to expand in the direction of the setting sun.

Such are the growing splendors and attractions of Washington that though not one-tenth as old as the two greatest of European cities, no American can look upon the marble façades of the Capitol, rising above the green terraces in glittering relief against a clear sky, without a thrill of exultant joy, springing less from a contemplation of the majestic and beautiful in architecture, than the consciousness of part ownership in the imposing fabric. To obtain a bird's-eye view of Washington one need not ascend the towering dome; from the porticoes below a grand panorama is expanded. It includes such an infinite variety of public buildings and so many homes of the people in a narrow compass, between the hills two or three miles away west and north and those of Virginia to the southward and beyond the Potomac, that it is difficult to realize that within the area defined there are perhaps 200,000 people. One glance gathers in the wooded heights of Georgetown, and dimly reveals Alexandria five miles distant, while the blue haze of the hills outlines the boundaries proper of the "City Beautiful" reposing in the plain below, with its grand structures of marble and granite, and tall church spires half veiled by the floating clouds.

Go down among the dwellings of the people, and the pleasing aspect and effects of the whole, studied from a distance, are not dispelled by proximity. The wealth and the liberality of the government have gathered here the first architects of the globe, and these have lavished taste and technical learning on private as on public buildings. That the Capitol is not entirely symmetrical is no fault of the original designer. It was finished a perfectly proportioned structure before the wings constituting the House and the Senate chambers of to-day were added. When this breadth was given, the dome must needs be lifted; and as the central portion beneath it was not, the result obtained was not altogether admirable. But there is absolute perfection in the deep bay-windowed private houses and pretty modest cottages, with their wide parkings and glowing parterres.

Washington people are fond of living much out-of-doors. In warm weather, families sit about their doorways on the exterior of their dwellings, and while the elders cozily converse in the gathering twilight, children make the star-lit evening vocal with the shrill treble of their prattle and shouts of laughter, as they become more and more absorbed in the fascinations of some boisterous game, race up and down the pavements fearlessly, with a delicious sense of freedom elsewhere unknown. Neighbors thus learn to recognize the virtues of each other, and a peculiar and homogeneous state of society springs from peculiar local and physical facts. Provincial and sectional prejudices are liberalized by this natural and familiar intercourse, perhaps even more than by contact brought about in social entertainments and those countless coteries and clubs in which art and literature are the conspicuous forces of this progressive civilization. Almost every county of every American State and Territory has here its choicest representative men and women, and these are constantly brought face to face, so that Washington, in its morals, tastes, and habits of thinking, is the continent "boiled down" and unified. It is not true of every Congressman that he is a gentleman and a scholar, though even the worst is apt to be distinguished by some striking quality that would make him a man of mark at home and abroad. But we only proposed to show how charming society must be where such a variety of select intellectual organisms hourly collide. To one who would breathe an atmosphere vitalized by vigorous thought, the capital becomes as fascinating as to those drawn thither by its outward aspect, fully satisfied with the green and luxuriant miniature parks, delicious bits of landscape, costly monuments, and lavish evidences on every hand of the munificence of an enlightened government. Multitudes such as we have designated are gathered here when Congress sits; but even when the "fog bank," as Donn Piatt terms the national legislative halls in which ambition dreams and grows eloquent, is deserted by party leaders and statesmen, there are not wanting those of choicest taste and intelligence to render Washington, from a social stand-point, most delightful even in midsummer.

More than sixteen years have elapsed, and we can not yet sum up or measure the good and evil begotten by the inter-State war. Its social results are not less painfully visible here than in decaying homes of Virginia and the Gulf States. A Southerner who knew Washington society before the "deluge," now contemplating it, is chagrined and humiliated at seeing how his race in losing wealth has lost caste. Liveried footmen and ponderous coaches are not the property, as in 1860, of "high-born, haughty Southern dames," the typical exponents of a civilization as false as it was luxurious. There are few such Southern women in Washington as Mrs. Claire Clay, Mrs. Slidell, or Mrs. John J. Crittenden. When one of the extinct race, like Mrs. Jessie Fremont, having survived the Noachian deluge of human griefs, re-appears, or when Mrs. President Polk entertains the Legislature of Tennessee, the new régime is startled, and ogles departed greatness and modest womanly worth through the opera-glasses of the Jenkinses of the press, never comprehending its majesty, its purity, or its charms.

"The Avenue" is always understood to mean Pennsylvania Avenue, although there are many others named in patriotic spirit for the various States. Coming away from the Capitol down "the Avenue," leaving to the left the Botanical Gardens, one soon approaches the National Hotel, a landmark of "the good old times," the pure, the honest days of the republic, when the "members" seldom went to a dinner party that was not followed by "a social game," prolonged even unto the rising of the sun—a little diversion from which many withdrew sadder, wiser, and poorer than when they began. A Kentucky girl once threw her arms about Mrs. Clay, and inquired, with charming *naïveté*, "Oh, Mrs. Clay, doesn't it make you wretched for Mr. Clay to play cards so much?" The good wife smiled placidly, and answered, resignedly, "No, my dear; he nearly always wins."

We are often called upon to observe the alacrity with which the populace takes up any hue and cry. If the misrepresentations sown broadcast through the land are to be credited, the home of our Presidents is a shelter scarcely fit for the beasts of the field. Passing strange this seems to one who knows the wide sunny rooms, many-windowed, and the great halls of the White House, to the furnishing and adornment of which the exhaustion of the national exchequer is the only limit. Sweeping lawns, overshadowing trees, extensive greenhouses, glimpses of the blue Potomac, may seem to other eyes only the adjuncts of a rude pastoral, the outlying landscape of a humble dwelling, but we know of no other spot to which we could point the greatest of foreign potentates with half so much pride, and say, "That is the home of our President." Immediately in front is Lafayette Park, adorned by Clark Mills's equestrian statue of Andrew Jackson; grouped at the base are British cannon captured by Old Hickory at New Orleans. On the eastern side of this beautiful square is the house occupied by Secretary Seward when the attempt was made to take his life upon the same night that President Lincoln was assassinated.

A public square with us without a statue would be like *Hamlet* without the Ghost. We have General Thomas, with his noble head uncovered; General Scott, with a great immovable calm upon his brow; as well as McPherson and Farragut, and many others besides, and yet we call for more. There are two monuments which command special attention. One of them rises modestly in a remote suburb of Capitol Hill. It was reared by the colored people to the honor of him who proclaimed them free. The first dollar was given by a woman in Virginia who had been a slave. The other is the uncompleted Washington Monument, which grows slowly year by year. Standing upon a low plain, it will owe nothing of its grandeur to adventitious circumstances. Near by is the National Observatory, which regulate watches and clocks by telegraph, substituting Washington for Greenwich time throughout the United States. The telescope in this observatory has enabled our "Astronomer Royal" to make many valuable sidereal discoveries. In the same portion of the city, but nearer the White House, are the new War, State, and Navy departments. It has been said that these ornate structures are open to criticism from an architectural stand-point, but the general effect of tiers on tiers of graceful columns, light balconies, and numberless windows, which give back the glory of the sunset skies in a thousand Tyrian hues, is wonderfully pleasing. Thence it is but a step to the Ordnance Museum, which contains a queer collection of Confederate flags, so different in design that it would seem as if the rebellious States never owned a banner approved by their people or accepted by their armies. These relics of what has been are found in startling juxtaposition with a temple of the future, otherwise the Signal Office, supposed to prophesy, like the augurs of old. On the corner of Seventeenth Street and Pennsylvania Avenue is the Corcoran Art Gallery, a brick and stone edifice well filled with choice works of sculptors and painters. It is one of the princely gifts of W. W. Corcoran to the people. One of the noblest charities of this or any time is the Louise Home, which also owes its existence to Mr. Corcoran. It was established in commemoration of his wife and daughter, and is designed to afford a home—not a shelter and starvation rations, but a well-ordered, refined, even luxurious home—to destitute and suffering womanhood. It may be said to own a royal income, since the revenues of the Arlington Hotel are devoted exclusively to its maintenance. Certainly, for public and private benefactions, Washington has cause to be proud of its record. It is nothing unusual to surprise a dainty group in some elegant salon, discussing, *not* those topics which are supposed to furnish conversation to the high-priestesses of fashion, but the relief of some indigent family. There is a universal sentiment of open-handed giving which pervades all classes. Holy Writ tells us that "the Lord loveth a cheerful giver": then surely are the peccadilloes of many a Washington sinner condoned.

On Tenth Street, between E and F, stands a plain brick building once known as Ford's Theatre. Here President Lincoln was assassinated, and in the private residence opposite he died. The owner saw fit to commemorate the sad fact by inserting a granite slab in the exterior wall of his abode announcing that Abraham Lincoln died within. Visitors to this dwelling-place of mournful memories turn away with tearful eyes from the spot where Lincoln breathed a last prayer—sanctified forever by this libation of his heart's blood—for his reunited country. The old theatre, now a medical and surgical museum, is full of wonders of the healing art, and has many portraits of distinguished surgeons and physicians.

The Patent-office covers two squares of our plenteous space, while its more modest colleague across the way, the Post-office Department, occupies only one. Nobody can justly measure the comprehensiveness of American mechanical genius who has not wandered among the innumerable models of the Patent-office. But one turns from these, as from the millions in the Treasury vaults, with a lawful pride in our power and riches. It is the humbler claimant, the smaller child of the government, that is the centre of a thoroughly live interest to everybody. A constant tide of visitors flows through the Post-office Department upon every working-day of the year. A letter has a distinct personality, a potent charm that is alike irresistible to all classes, and the department which organizes and directs our colossal postal system is always a chief objective point to strangers.

How much of pride and ambition, of love and hate, of honor and dishonor, national and individual, is contained in its Sphinx-like bosom may never be known. The Dead-letter Bureau is a pivotal point of interest. A large number of the "dead" letters are examined by ladies. Much queer information and many family secrets are necessarily discovered by these clerks, but, like the women who count untold millions in the Treasury, not one has ever been known to betray an official trust. In this Dead-letter Office, if seeking to unearth curiosities of literature, one should not fail to see Dr. Franklin's account-book as Postmaster-General of the Confederated Colonies, and compare it with that of the present incumbent which records the transactions of even a single week. How incalculably the service has grown the transient visitor will better understand when he finds that it required two weeks and cost two shillings in Franklin's time to send a letter from Philadelphia to Boston, while to-day the same end is attained in nine hours at a cost of three cents!

The Smithsonian Institution speedily attracts the attention of every sojourner in the city. It is constructed of red brick, is many-turreted, and of massive proportions. It certainly tones up its immediate vicinage, though it is situated the other side of swelldom's dead-line. Maybe a stream of lambent light extends from a certain aristocratic residence which has its *porte cochère* surmounted by the lion and unicorn, and its lamp-posts by an imperial crown, to this less-favored locality. It would seem meet that a subtle sympathy should link the home of the British embassy with the institution that owes its existence to James Smithson, the Englishman. Its present head, Professor Spencer F. Baird, notable among scholars and archæologists, is of all men fitted to continue and extend the diffusion of knowledge which was the design of its founder. The collection of pottery and other products of the toil and skill of prehistoric races is as curious as valuable. There is not elsewhere in the world such a varied and wonderful cabinet of Mound-builders' urns and vases, and implements of Indian industry. The National Museum, recently completed and adjoining the Smithsonian, is a beautiful building one story in height, and inclosing an area of two acres. It is devoted to those foreign exhibits presented to the United States after the Exposition at Philadelphia in 1876.

Near by, and west of the Smithsonian, are the Bureaus of Agriculture and Printing. In the latter may be seen the process of making Treasury notes, bonds, and revenue stamps.

It is impossible in a paper like this to take in our suburban glories, but we can not refrain from adding that a drive in spring-time along the blooming country roads to the Soldiers' Home or Arlington, the ancestral home of the Lees, is a thing worthy of remembrance.

[Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1325.]

MULTUM IN PARVO.

A SERIES OF

GOOD STORIES,

WITH NO WASTE OF WORDS.

By CHARLES READE,

Author of "Hard Cash," "Put Yourself in His Place," "Foul Play," "Griffith Gaunt," "The Woman-Hater," etc.

THE KNIGHTSBRIDGE MYSTERY.

CHAPTER I.

In Charles the Second's day the "Swan" was denounced by the dramatists as a house where unfaithful wives and mistresses met their gallants.

But in the next century, when John Clarke was the Freeholder, no special imputation of that sort rested on it: it was a country inn with large stables, horsed the Brentford coach, and entertained man and beast on journeys long or short. It had also permanent visitors, especially in summer; for it was near London, and yet a rural retreat; meadows on each side, Hyde Park at back, Knightsbridge Green in front.

Amongst the permanent lodgers was Mr. Gardiner, a substantial man; and Captain Cowen, a retired officer of moderate means, had lately taken two rooms for himself and his son. Mr. Gardiner often joined the company in the public room, but the Cowens kept to themselves upstairs.

This was soon noticed and resented, in that age of few books and free converse. Some said, "Oh, we are not good enough for him!" others inquired what a half-pay Captain had to give himself airs about. Candor interposed and supplied the climax: "Nay, my masters, the Captain may be in hiding from duns, or from the runners: now I think on't, the York mail was robbed scarce a s'ennight before his Worship came a-hiding here."

But the landlady's tongue ran the other way. Her weight was sixteen stone, her sentiments were her interests, and her tongue her tomahawk. "'Tis pity," said she, one day, "some folk can't keep their tongues from blackening of their betters. The Captain is a civil-spoken gentleman —Lord send there were more of them in these parts!—as takes his hat off to me whenever he meets me, and pays his reckoning weekly. If he has a mind to be private, what business is that of yours, or yours? But curs must bark at their betters."

Detraction, thus roughly quelled for certain seconds, revived at intervals whenever Dame Cust's broad back was turned. It was mildly encountered one evening by Gardiner. "Nay, good sirs," said he, "you mistake the worthy Captain. To have fought at Blenheim and Malplaquet, no man hath less vanity. 'Tis for his son he holds aloof. He guards the youth like a mother, and will not have him to hear our tap-room jests. He worships the boy—a sullen lout, sirs; but paternal love is blind. He told me once he had loved his wife dearly, and lost her young, and this was all he had of her. 'And,' said he, 'I'd spill blood like water for him, my own the first.' 'Then, sir,' says I, 'I fear he will give you a sore heart, one day.' 'And welcome,' says my Captain, and his face like iron."

Somebody remarked that no man keeps out of company who is good company; but Mr. Gardiner parried that dogma. "When young master is abed, my neighbor does sometimes invite me to share a bottle; and a sprightlier companion I

would not desire. Such stories of battles, and duels, and love intrigues!"

"Now there's an old fox for you," said one, approvingly. It reconciled him to the Captain's decency to find that it was only hypocrisy.

"I like not—a man—who wears—a mask," hiccoughed a hitherto silent personage, revealing his clandestine drunkenness and unsuspected wisdom at one blow.

These various theories were still fermenting in the bosom of the "Swan," when one day there rode up to the door a gorgeous officer, hot from the minister's levée, in scarlet and gold, with an order like a star-fish glittering on his breast. His servant, a private soldier, rode behind him, and, slipping hastily from his saddle, held his master's horse while he dismounted. Just then Captain Cowen came out for his afternoon walk. He started, and cried out, "Colonel Barrington!"

"Ay, brother," cried the other, and instantly the two officers embraced, and even kissed each other, for that feminine custom had not yet retired across the Channel; and these were soldiers who had fought and bled side by side, and nursed each other in turn; and your true soldier does not nurse by halves; his vigilance and tenderness are an example to women, and he rustleth not.

Captain Cowen invited Colonel Barrington to his room, and that warrior marched down the passage after him, single file, with long brass spurs and sabre clinking at his heels; and the establishment ducked and smiled, and respected Captain Cowen for the reason we admire the moon.

Seated in Cowen's room, the new-comer said, heartily: "Well, Ned, I come not empty-handed. Here is thy pension at last;" and handed him a parchment with a seal like a poached egg.

Cowen changed color, and thanked him with an emotion he rarely betrayed, and gloated over the precious document. His cast-iron features relaxed, and he said: "It comes in the nick of time, for now I can send my dear Jack to College."

This led somehow to an exposure of his affairs. He had just £110 a year, derived from the sale of his commission, which he had invested, at fifteen per cent., with a well-known mercantile house in the City. "So now," said he, "I shall divide it all in three; Jack will want two parts to live at Oxford, and I can do well enough here on one." The rest of the conversation does not matter, so I dismiss it and Colonel Barrington for the time. A few days afterward Jack went to College, and Captain Cowen reduced his expenses, and dined at the shilling ordinary, and indeed took all his moderate repasts in public.

Instead of the severe and reserved character he had worn while his son was with him, he now shone out a boon companion, and sometimes kept the table in a roar with his marvellous mimicries of all the characters, male or female, that lived in the inn or frequented it, and sometimes held them breathless with adventures, dangers, intrigues, in which a leading part had been played by himself or his friends.

He became quite a popular character, except with one or two envious bodies, whom he eclipsed; they revenged themselves by saying it was all braggadocio: his battles had been fought over a bottle, and by the fireside.

The district east and west of Knightsbridge had long been infested with foot-pads; they robbed passengers in the country lanes, which then abounded, and sometimes on the King's highway, from which those lanes offered an easy escape.

One moonlight night Captain Cowen was returning home alone from an entertainment at Fulham, when suddenly the air seemed to fill with a woman's screams and cries. They issued from a lane on his right hand. He whipped out his sword and dashed down the lane. It took a sudden turn, and in a moment he came upon three foot-pads, robbing and maltreating an old gentleman and his wife. The old man's sword lay at a distance, struck from his feeble hand; the woman's tongue proved the better weapon, for at least it brought an ally.

The nearest robber, seeing the Captain come at him with his drawn sword glittering in the moonshine, fired hastily, and grazed his cheek, and was skewered like a frog the next moment; his cry of agony mingled with two shouts of dismay, and the other foot-pads fled; but, even as they turned, Captain Cowen's nimble blade entered the shoulder of one, and pierced the fleshy part. He escaped, however, but howling and bleeding.

Captain Cowen handed over the lady and gentleman to the people who flocked to the place, now the work was done, and the disabled robber to the guardians of the public peace, who arrived last of all. He himself withdrew apart and wiped his sword very carefully and minutely with a white pocket-handkerchief, and then retired.

He was so far from parading his exploit that he went round by the park and let himself into the "Swan" with his private key, and was going quietly to bed, when the chamber-maid met him, and up flew her arms, with cries of dismay. "Oh, Captain! Captain! Look at you—smothered in blood! I shall faint."

"Tush! Silly wench!" said Captain Cowen. "I am not hurt."

"Not hurt, sir? And bleeding like a pig! Your cheek—your poor cheek!"

Captain Cowen put up his hand, and found that blood was really welling from his cheek and ear.

He looked grave for a moment, then assured her it was but a scratch, and offered to convince her of that. "Bring me some lukewarm water, and thou shalt be my doctor. But, Barbara, prithee publish it not."

Next morning an officer of justice inquired after him at the "Swan," and demanded his attendance at Bow Street, at two that afternoon, to give evidence against the foot-pads. This was the very thing he wished to avoid; but there was no evading the summons.

The officer was invited into the bar by the landlady, and sang the gallant Captain's exploit, with his own variations. The inn began to ring with Cowen's praises. Indeed, there was now but one detractor left—the hostler, Daniel Cox, a drunken fellow of sinister aspect, who had for some time stared and lowered at Captain Cowen, and muttered mysterious things, doubts as to his being a real Captain, etc., etc. Which incoherent murmurs of a muddle-headed drunkard were not treated as oracular by any human creature, though the stable-boy once went so far as to say, "I sometimes almost thinks as how our Dan do know summut; only he don't rightly know what 'tis, along o' being always muddled in liquor."

Cowen, who seemed to notice little, but noticed everything, had observed the lowering looks of this fellow, and felt he had an enemy: it even made him a little uneasy, though he was too proud and self-possessed to show it.

With this exception, then, everybody greeted him with hearty compliments, and he was cheered out of the inn, marching to Bow Street.

Daniel Cox, who—as accidents will happen—was sober that morning, saw him out, and then put on his own coat.

"Take thou charge of the stable, Sam," said he.

"Why, where be'st going, at this time o' day?"

"I be going to Bow Street," said Daniel, doggedly.

At Bow Street Captain Cowen was received with great respect, and a seat given him by the sitting magistrate while some minor cases were disposed of.

In due course the highway robbery was called and proved by the parties who, unluckily for the accused, had been actually robbed before Cowen interfered.

Then the oath was tendered to Cowen: he stood up by the magistrate's side and deposed, with military brevity and exactness, to the facts I have related, but refused to swear to the identity of the individual culprit, who stood pale and trembling at the dock.

The Attorney for the Crown, after pressing in vain, said, "Quite right, Captain Cowen; a witness can not be too scrupulous."

He then called an officer who had found the robber leaning against a railing fainting from loss of blood, scarce a furlong from the scene of the robbery, and wounded in the shoulder. That let in Captain Cowen's evidence, and the culprit was committed for trial, and soon after peached upon his only comrade at large. The other lay in the hospital at Newgate.

The magistrate complimented Captain Cowen on his conduct and his evidence, and he went away universally admired. Yet he was not elated, nor indeed content. Sitting by the magistrate's side, after he had given his evidence, he happened to look all round the Court, and in a distant corner he saw the enormous mottled nose and sinister eyes of Daniel Cox glaring at him with a strange but puzzled expression.

Cowen had learned to read faces, and he said to himself: "What is there in that ruffian's mind about me? Did he know me years ago? I can not remember him. Curse the beast—one would almost—think—he is cudgelling his drunken memory. I'll keep an eye on *you*."

He went home thoughtful and discomposed, because this drunkard glowered at him so. The reception he met with at the "Swan" effaced the impression. He was received with acclamations, and now that publicity was forced on him, he accepted it, and revelled in popularity.

About this time he received a letter from his son, inclosing a notice from the College tutor, speaking highly of his ability, good conduct, devotion to study.

This made the father swell with loving pride.

Jack hinted modestly that there were unavoidable expenses, and his funds were dwindling. He inclosed an account that showed how the money went.

The father wrote back and bade him be easy; he should have every farthing required, and speedily, "For," said he, "my half-year's interest is due now."

Two days after, he had a letter from his man of business begging him to call. He went with alacrity, making sure his money was waiting for him, as usual.

His lawyer received him very gravely, and begged him to be seated. He then broke to him some appalling news. The great house of Brown, Molyneux, & Co. had suspended payments at noon the day before, and were not expected to pay a shilling in the pound. Captain Cowen's little fortune was gone, all but his pension of £80 a year.

He sat like a man turned to stone. Then he clasped his hands with agony, and uttered two words, no more—"My son!"

He rose and left the place like one in a dream. He got down to Knightsbridge, he hardly knew how. At the very door of the inn he fell down in a fit. The people of the inn were round him in a moment, and restoratives freely supplied. His sturdy nature soon revived, but, with the moral and physical shock, his lips were slightly distorted over his clinched teeth. His face, too, was ashy pale.

When he came to himself, the first face he noticed was that of Daniel Cox, eying him, not with pity, but with puzzled curiosity. Cowen shuddered and closed his own eyes to avoid this blighting glare. Then, without opening them, he muttered: "What has befallen me? I feel no wound."

"Laws forbid, sir," said the landlady, leaning over him. "Your honor did but swoon for once, to show you was born of a woman, and not made of naught but steel. Here, you gaping loons and sluts, help the Captain to his room amongst ye, and then go about your business."

This order was promptly executed, so far as assisting Captain Cowen to rise; but he was no sooner on his feet than he waved them all from him haughtily, and said; "Let me be. It is the mind; it is the mind;" and he smote his forehead in despair, for now it all came back on him.

Then he rushed into the inn and locked himself into his room. Female curiosity buzzed about the doors, but was not admitted until he had recovered his fortitude, and formed a bitter resolution to defend himself and his son against all mankind.

At last there came a timid tap, and a mellow voice said: "It is only me, Captain. Prithee let me in."

He opened to her, and there was Barbara with a large tray and a snow-white cloth. She spread a table deftly, and uncovered a roast capon, and uncorked a bottle of white port, talking all the time. "The mistress says you must eat a bit, and drink this good wine, for her sake. Indeed, sir, 'twill do you good after your swoon." With many such encouraging words, she got him to sit down and eat, and then filled his glass and put it to his lips. He could not eat much, but he drank the white port—a wine much prized, and purer than the purple vintage of our day.

At last came Barbara's post-dict. "But, alack! to think of your fainting dead away! Oh, Captain, what is the trouble?"

The tear was in Barbara's eye, though she was the emissary of Dame Cust's curiosity, and all curiosity herself.

Captain Cowen, who had been expecting this question for some time, replied, doggedly, "I have lost the best friend I had in the world."

"Dear heart!" said Barbara, and a big tear of sympathy, that had been gathering ever since she entered the room, rolled down her cheeks.

She put up a corner of her apron to her eyes. "Alas, poor soul!" said she. "Ay, I do know how hard it is to love and lose: but bethink you, sir, 'tis the lot of man. Our own turn must come. And you have your son left to thank God for, and a warm friend or two in this place, thof they be but humble."

"Ay, good wench," said the soldier, his iron nature touched for a moment by her goodness and simplicity, "and none I value more than thee. But leave me awhile."

The young woman's honest cheeks reddened at the praise of such a man. "Your will's my pleasure, sir," said she, and retired, leaving the capon and the wine.

Any little compunction he might have at refusing his confidence to this humble friend did not trouble him long. He looked on women as leaky vessels; and he had firmly resolved not to make his situation worse by telling the base world that he was poor. Many a hard rub had put a fine point on this man of steel.

He glozed the matter, too, in his own mind. "I told her no lie. I *have* lost my best friend, for I've lost my money."

From that day Captain Cowen visited the taproom no more, and indeed seldom went out by daylight. He was all alone now, for Mr. Gardiner was gone to Wiltshire to collect his rents. In his solitary chamber Cowen ruminated his loss and the villainy of mankind, and his busy brain resolved scheme after scheme to repair the impending ruin of his son's prospects. It was there the iron entered his soul. The example of the very foot-pads he had baffled occurred to him in his more desperate moments, but he fought the temptation down: and in due course one of them was transported, and one hung; the other languished in Newgate.

By-and-by he began to be mysteriously busy, and the door always locked. No clew was ever found to his labors but bits of melted wax in the fender and a tuft or two of gray hair, and it was never discovered in Knightsbridge that he often begged in the City at dusk, in a disguise so perfect that a frequenter of the "Swan" once gave him a groat. Thus did he levy his tax upon the stony place that had undone him.

Instead of taking his afternoon walk as heretofore, he would sit disconsolate on the seat of a staircase window that looked into the yard, and so take the air and sun: and it was owing to this new habit he overheard, one day, a dialogue, in which the foggy voice of the hostler predominated at first. He was running down Captain Cowen to a pot-boy. The pot-boy stood up for him. That annoyed Cox. He spoke louder and louder the more he was opposed, till at last he bawled out: "I tell ye I've seen him a-sitting by the judge, and I've seen him in the dock."

At these words Captain Cowen recoiled, though he was already out of sight, and his eye glittered like a basilisk's.

But immediately a new voice broke upon the scene, a woman's. "Thou foul-mouthed knave. Is it for thee to slander men of worship, and give the inn a bad name? Remember I have but to lift my finger to hang thee, so drive me not to't. Begone to thy horses this moment; thou art not fit to be among Christians. Begone, I say, or it shall be the worse for thee;" and she drove him across the yard, and followed him up with a current of invectives eloquent even at a distance, though the words were no longer distinct: and who should this be but the house-maid, Barbara Lamb, so gentle, mellow, and melodious before the gentlefolk, and especially her hero, Captain Cowen!

As for Daniel Cox, he cowered, writhed, and wriggled away before her, and slipped into the stable.

Captain Cowen was now soured by trouble, and this persistent enmity of that fellow roused at last a fixed and deadly hatred in his mind, all the more intense that fear mingled with it.

He sounded Barbara; asked her what nonsense that ruffian had been talking, and what he had done that she could hang him for. But Barbara would not say a malicious word against a fellow-servant in cold blood. "I can keep a secret," said she. "If he keeps his tongue off you, I'll keep mine."

"So be it," said Cowen. "Then I warn you I am sick of his insolence; and drunkards must be taught not to make enemies of sober men nor fools of wise men." He said this so bitterly that, to soothe him, she begged him not to trouble about the ravings of a sot. "Dear heart," said she, "nobody heeds Dan Cox."

Some days afterward she told him that Dan had been drinking harder than ever, and wouldn't trouble honest folk long, for he had the delusions that go before a drunkard's end: why, he had told the stable-boy he had seen a vision of himself climb over the garden wall, and enter the house by the back door. "The poor wretch says he knew himself by his *bottle nose* and his cowskin waistcoat, and to be sure, there is no such nose in the parish, thank Heaven for't, and not many such waistcoats." She laughed heartily, but Cowen's lip curled in a venomous sneer. He said: "More likely 'twas the knave himself. Look to your spoons, if such a face as that walks by night." Barbara turned grave directly. He eyed her askant, and saw the random shot had gone home.

Captain Cowen now often slept in the City, alleging business.

Mr. Gardiner wrote from Salisbury, ordering his room to be ready and his sheets well aired.

One afternoon he returned with a bag and a small valise, prodigiously heavy. He had a fire lighted, though it was a fine autumn, for he was chilled with his journey, and invited Captain Cowen to sup with him. The latter consented, but begged it might be an early supper, as he must sleep in the City.

"I am sorry for that," said Gardiner. "I have a hundred and eighty guineas there in that bag, and a man could get into my room from yours."

"Not if you lock the middle door," said Cowen. "But I can leave you the key of my outer door, for that matter."

This offer was accepted; but still Mr. Gardiner felt uneasy. There had been several robberies at inns, and it was a rainy, gusty night. He was depressed and ill at ease. Then Captain Cowen offered him his pistols, and helped him load them, two bullets in each. He also went and fetched him a bottle of the best port, and after drinking one glass with him, hurried away, and left his key with him for further security.

Mr. Gardiner, left to himself, made up a great fire and drank a glass or two of the wine; it seemed remarkably heady, and raised his spirits. After all, it was only for one night: to-morrow he would deposit his gold in the bank. He began to unpack his things, and put his night dress to the fire. But by-and-by he felt so drowsy that he did but take his coat off, put his pistols under the pillow, and lay down on the bed, and fell fast asleep.

That night Barbara Lamb awoke twice, thinking each time she heard doors open and shut on the floor below her.

But it was a gusty night, and she concluded it was most likely the wind. Still a residue of uneasiness made her rise at five instead of six, and she lighted her tinder, and came down with a rush-light. She found Captain Cowen's door wide open. It had been locked when she went to bed. That alarmed her greatly. She looked in. A glance was enough. She cried, "Thieves! thieves!" and in a moment uttered scream upon scream.

In an incredibly short time pale and eager faces of men and women filled the passage.

Cowen's room, being open, was entered first. On the floor lay, what Barbara had seen at a glance, his portmanteau rifled, and the clothes scattered about. The door of communication was ajar; they opened it, and an appalling sight met their eyes: Mr. Gardiner was lying in a pool of blood, and moaning feebly. There was little hope of saving him. No human body could long survive such a loss of the vital fluid. But it so happened there was a country surgeon in the house; he stanched the wounds—there were three—and somebody or other had the sense to beg the victim to make a statement. He was unable at first; but, under powerful stimulants, revived at last, and showed a strong wish to aid justice in avenging him. By this time they had got a magistrate to attend, and he put his ear to the dying man's lips; but others heard, so hushed was the room and so keen the awe and curiosity of each panting heart.

"I had gold in my portmanteau, and was afraid. I drank a bottle of wine with Captain Cowen, and he left me. He lent me his key and his pistols. I locked both doors. I felt very sleepy, and lay down. When I woke, a man was leaning over my portmanteau. His back was toward me. I took a pistol, and aimed steadily. It missed fire. The man turned and sprang on me. I had caught up a knife, one we had for supper. I stabbed him with all my force. He wrested it from me, and I felt piercing blows. I am slain. Ay, I am slain."

"But the man, sir. Did you not see his face at all?"

"Not till he fell on me. But then, very plainly. The moon shone."

"Pray describe him."

"Broken hat."

"Yes."

"Hairy waistcoat."

"Yes."

"Enormous nose."

"Do you know him?"

"Ay. The hostler, Cox."

There was a groan of horror and a cry for vengeance.

"Silence," said the magistrate. "Mr. Gardiner, you are a dying man. Words may kill. Be careful. Have you any doubts?"

"About what?"

"That the villain was Daniel Cox."

"None whatever."

At these words the men and women, who were glaring with pale faces and all their senses strained at the dying man and his faint yet terrible denunciation, broke into two bands; some remain-

ed rooted to the place, the rest hurried, with cries of vengeance, in search of Daniel Cox. They were met in the yard by two constables, and rushed first to the stables, not that they hoped to find him there. Of course he had absconded with his booty.

The stable door was ajar. They tore it open.

The gray dawn revealed Cox fast asleep on the straw in the first empty stall, and his bottle in the manger. His clothes were bloody, and the man was drunk. They pulled him, cursed him, struck him, and would have torn him in pieces, but the constables interfered, set him up against the rail, like timber, and searched his bosom, and found—a wound; then turned all his pockets inside out, amidst great expectation, and found—three halfpence and the key of the stable door.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A CHINESE JUNK VILLAGE.

A CURIOUS feature of life in China is the immense floating population which is found on the junks and small craft in the rivers and harbors of the Celestial Empire—a population which, it is said, has never been included in the census, as it is constantly on the move, here to-day, there to-morrow, carrying its home and its belongings up and down the great waterways wherever the necessities of trade may dictate. In the harbor of Hong-Kong alone there are more than thirty thousand people who are always afloat, earning their daily subsistence by fishing, or attending upon the ships lying at anchor. A vessel on entering the harbor engages a boat to wait upon it during its sojourn in port. It serves as a lighter, carrying and bringing freight, the boatmen are serviceable in many ways, and the women do washing for the captain and officers of the ship. It is an interesting fact that an act of dishonesty toward their employers is almost unknown among these simple people.

The legend among the Chinese concerning this floating population is that centuries ago, no one knows when, a terrible inundation drove vast numbers of people to take refuge in boats. So long were they compelled to live on the water that they lost all trace of their homes, and the people on shore became strangers to them, and resisted all their attempts to resume a life on land. Certain it is that from forgotten generations these people have lived afloat, the boat their only dwelling. Whole families are born, live, and die on the water; but it is a singular fact that the dead are always taken on shore for burial.

The life of these people is very simple. Many of the boats are entirely open, an awning of straw matting being the only protection against sun and rain and heavy dews. A small portable furnace, which is moved about the boat at pleasure, makes a kitchen wherever it happens to stand. On this furnace a large kettle is placed, in which a hodge-podge of meat—rat, cat, or anything easily obtained—and vegetables is always bubbling. The kettle is covered by a steamer containing rice. This, with fruit and tea, is the family *menu* year in, year out. But the people are happy in their simple way. The babies splash about in the water and learn to swim almost as soon as they can walk, and generation after generation lives and dies content, making no effort to change either habits or home.

These water folk are very shrewd observers of the weather. The terrible typhoons which at certain seasons visit these waters are foreseen with great accuracy by these native sailors, and in due time the whole fleet of small junks and boats scurries across the harbor to hide in the sheltered bays and inlets until the hurricane has blown itself out.

The men in these boats are hardy, bronzed fellows, with strength and daring for anything their manner of life may require. The women are often graced with considerable beauty. Their physical development is much superior to that of the women on shore. Their feet are never distorted and rendered diminutive by tight bandaging, and their life in the open air and their constant exercise—for no boat-woman is ever idle—endow them with vigorous health and strength.

In proceeding up the large rivers of China the traveller meets constantly with these floating villages. In some instances hundreds and hundreds of boats are grouped together, and on the rivers where trade is brisk it is impossible to estimate the numbers. A traveller on the great Yang-tse-Kiang River once asked a native boatman how many craft were floating up and down. The Chinaman looked very much puzzled. "Big million," he said—"tousand big million."

In the creeks and narrow waterways a block-up among the boats frequently occurs, and if the water is sluggish and the wind calm, the dense pack may continue for a long period of time. But the Chinese waterman is never in haste. He comes from nowhere in particular, and he is going nowhere. His bags of rice, if he has any on board, may be sold at one landing as well as another, and in his boat are wife, children, and fireside, and he is content.

Near Canton, the city of sampans, or boats, presents a curious mixture of flower barges, tea and music saloons, boats where all kinds of gay merchandise may be purchased, such as odd carvings, elegantly embroidered slippers, and silks and figured stuffs of gorgeous beauty, and queer-looking clumsy vessels laden with every variety of market produce. Here, entirely apart from the dwellers on shore, thousands and thousands of Chinese families pass their lives. A boat may be hired at any of the city wharves for a visit to this floating settlement. Many of these small boats are rowed by Chinese girls, picturesque in the neatest of costumes, with lustrous eyes, and with raven tresses adorned with scarlet flowers. Their arms are strong, and they guide the boat skillfully through the narrow waterways which form the thoroughfares of this river town. The floating tea saloons found here are very pretty. If it be evening, gay-colored lanterns light up the painting and gilding, and through the silk-curtained windows and doors float strains of music. Go inside, and a gayly dressed Chinese damsel will serve you with a cup of delicious tea and a silver pipe or hookah.

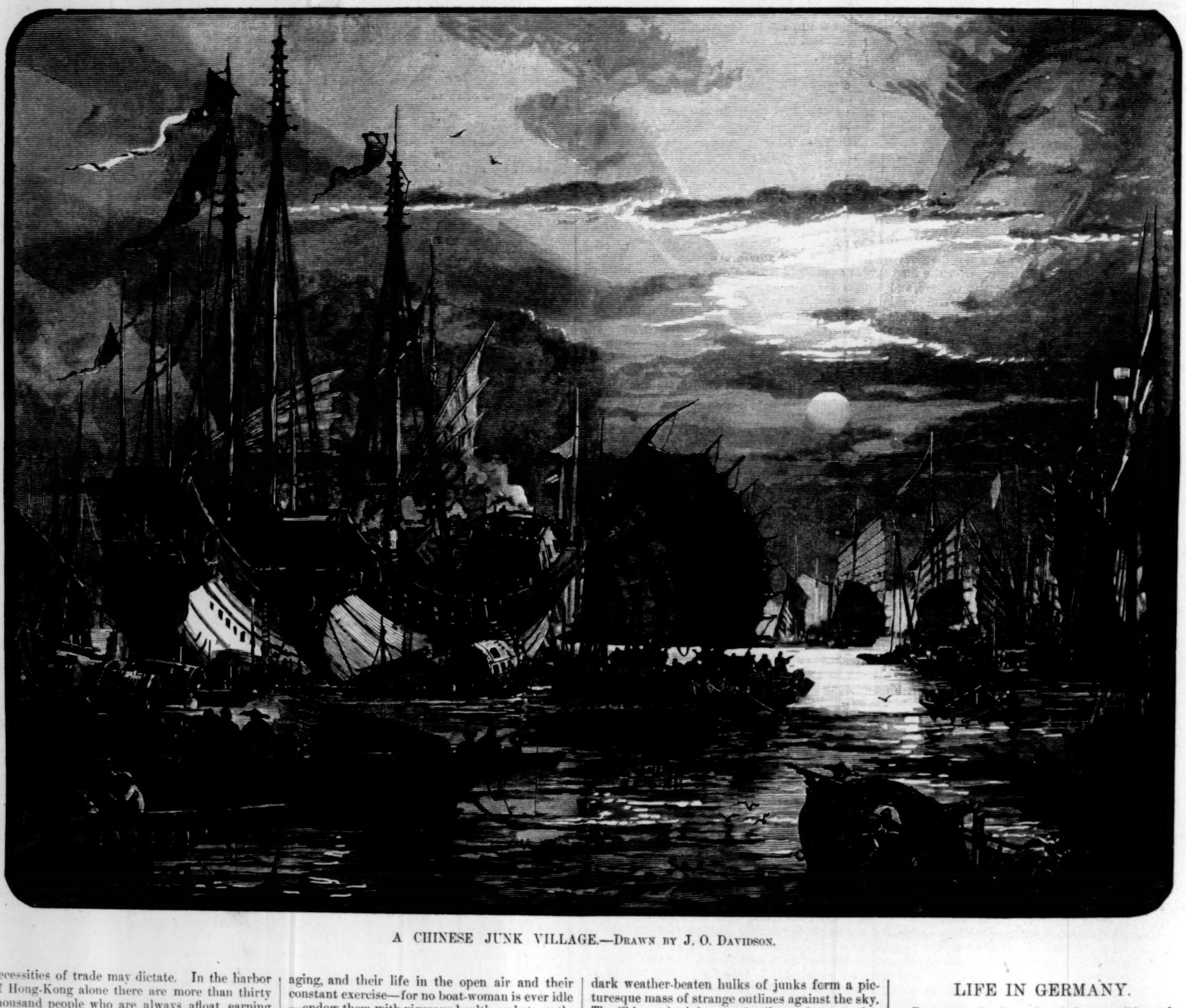
The boats of the small merchants are anchored with their bows to the street. Here the wares are displayed for sale, while in the stern are the private apartments of the family. If trade becomes dull, the merchant hauls up his anchor and poles away to another part of the town, or he sets his butterfly sail and starts on a tour in the provinces, where in the villages along the river he is sure to find customers for his city wares.

All along the rivers, in the floating villages, and moored in long double lines to the shore, the dark weather-beaten hulks of junks form a picturesque mass of strange outlines against the sky. The Chinese junk is a good sailer and sea-worthy, but it is the ugliest vessel afloat. It is said that a Chinese emperor in ancient time commanded the building of a fleet. Being annoyed by the oft-repeated question of what form the ships should be built, he at length in a passion kicked his huge slipper at the questioner, bidding him take that for a model. The command was obeyed with Chinese literalness, and the clumsy junk, with its rising bow and its cocked-up stern, was the result.

The river junk is a flat-bottomed vessel, rarely drawing over two feet of water. Its average size is about eighty feet long and ten feet wide. A guard runs along each side, upon which the crew walk when the wind fails, and poling becomes the only means by which the craft can be propelled. The vessel has one mast placed amidships, which carries a large sail, shaped like the wing of a gigantic butterfly, which is crossed horizontally by strips of bamboo. With the exception of a small space forward, the river junk is housed in, with doors and windows along the side. In this house are the kitchen and living-rooms for the boatman's family. The wheel-house is elevated above the rest of the structure, that the helmsman may have an uninterrupted view, and be able to guide his vessel safely among the crowd of boats moving on the waterway. The steering gear is usually of the most primitive description, consisting of a large double-fanned rudder moved by a long awkward tiller, which creaks and sways as the helmsman bends over it.

Chinese junks, and also all the smaller river craft, are ornamented across the stern and along the sides with inscriptions, and no ship or boat of any kind is allowed to float without a huge wooden or painted eye on the bow. No waterman will embark on any vessel without an eye. The craft without this appendage would be unable to see rocks and shoals in its way, and despite the utmost care of the boatman would surely go to the bottom. Many watermen place implicit faith in this superstition, and those who are somewhat skeptical prefer to be on the safe side, and sail in a boat which can see for itself. Accordingly these eyes glare at one from every boat on Chinese waters.

The fantastic genius of the nation is displayed in the names of these floating homes of the rivers and harbors, and "Favorable Wind," "Happiness," "Lovely Eyes," and other delightfully suggestive names may be seen emblazoned on dilapidated and weather-beaten old hulks, from which grace and comeliness have long since departed, if they were ever present, but in which their owners still take pride and delight.



A CHINESE JUNK VILLAGE.—DRAWN BY J. O. DAVIDSON.

LIFE IN GERMANY.

SIMPLICITY is the rule of German life, and a very winning simplicity it is. The upper classes are not rich, and live unostentatiously; the upper middle classes, comprising professors, lawyers, doctors, and a good many officers, exist upon incomes which, according to our notions, would seem beggarly, yet they rub along comfortably and merrily, because their women are so versed in economy. In the richest German household the mistress superintends the kitchen, and lends a hand to the cook. There are certain dishes which she always makes with her own hands, because her Fritz likes them so. She may boast thirty-two quarterings on her escutcheon, and be terribly proud of her lineage, but she has no nonsensical ideas about its being degrading to put on a canvas apron, lard a piece of veal, make jams, or dole out with her own hands the prunes that are to be put into the potato stew. She keeps her best attire for Sundays, and makes it serve on a good many of these festal days, for she does not follow fashion blindly or in a hurry. On ordinary days she dresses with a plainness which would excite the contempt of a Frenchwoman; but then her culinary pursuits do not prevent her from being by far the intellectual superior of her French or Belgian sister. She reads serious books,

that she may be able to converse as an equal with her well-taught sons; she practices music, that she may remain on a level with her daughters, who are trained to be brilliant pianists; and she finds time to read the newspaper, in order that she may understand what her Fritz has to say about the topics of the day.

The example thus set in high life by the "Frau Gräfin" is copied in lower spheres by the "Frau Doctorin" and the "Frau Professorin." These ladies keep no cooks; they perform most of the household labors, with the assistance of a maid-of-all-work, and whenever practicable they do all the washing of the family linen at home, and make their own dresses. Withal, they are very hospitable in a homely way. They delight in evening parties at which *café au lait* is served with cakes and sausage-sandwiches. A carpet dance, a little singing and music, round games, and a good deal of frank flirtation between the young people, furnish the diversions at these entertainments. In the winter, several families club together to hire a large room in which *dreistemache* (literally "make-bold") assemblies are held once a week. Each family brings a certain quantum of the refreshments, as at old-fashioned picnics, and dancing is carried on within sensible hours—between 7 and 11 P.M. The object of these assemblies is to make young people "bold" to disport themselves at more ceremonious balls should they be called upon to do so; in fact, they are unceremonious dancing parties, at which the guests appear in morning attire, and expect no costlier beverages at supper than lemonade and beer.

The cheapest towns to go to in Germany are the capitals of small duchies. Berlin has become very dear. Dresden, Leipsic, Stuttgart, Munich, are all cheap in comparison with English cities, and they offer first-rate educational advantages; but they will be found more expensive, on the whole, than such places as Brunswick, Cassel, Darmstadt, Weimar, and Coburg. Taking Brunswick as a specimen of these second-rate towns, it is a place where a family can live in the utmost enjoyment and dignity on a small income. It is an old-fashioned town of picturesque architecture; but the streets are broad, and the houses large, with spacious and lofty rooms, wide courtyards, and grand staircases. Most of these dwellings are let in flats, each of which has its separate kitchen, with its wooden balcony overlooking the yard, and a separate staircase for servants. A ten-room flat (furnished) can be had on a first floor in the best quarter for about $300 a year; on a second, for $225; and on a third, for $150. But prices are lower in the old streets on the outskirts of the city. It is not the custom to let unfurnished, as almost all the houses contain a stock of old-fashioned furniture dating from the last century, when the court of Brunswick was one of the most brilliant in Germany, and when the city was crowded with wealthy residents. It has all the appearance of a wealthy city still, though the present duke lives most of the year in Italy, and does little to attract strangers to his handsome palace. It has a university, a gymnasium, a public school for boys, several private schools, and a large academy for girls; a museum and public library, and a noble theatre. The duke chiefly helps to support the theatre, and for this much deserves the thanks of his subjects. For many years the conductor of the orchestra was Franz Abt, the eminent composer, and at one time he had the best *quatuor* of violinists in Germany under his orders. Performances are given at the theatre four times a week, operas being performed on two nights, and plays on the other two; and the cost of a *Spersitz*, or stall, is only six thalers, or about $4 50, a month. All the ducal cities have good theatres, as it is a point of honor with the princelings who rule in them to show that they are enlightened patrons of music and the drama. The theatre of Coburg has a well-deserved reputation.

Tourists will not find German hotels cheap, even in the small towns, for landlords have got into the habit of overcharging foreigners, and nothing seems likely to cure them of it; but the *restaurations* are very cheap. A substantial dinner with beer can be had for thirty cents; and in the *braueries*, which officers frequent, a good supper, consisting of a plate of veal cutlets with fried potatoes, or bacon sausage and *sauerkraut*, costs but fourteen cents, glass of beer included. Schooling is as cheap as in Belgium, and better, for the disposition of German youth is studious, and the professors are stimulated by the assiduity and sharpness of their pupils.

(DIS-) "HONORS ARE EASY."

NOW BOTH PARTIES HAVE SOMETHING TO HANG ON.

GOOD TALKERS.

THE commonest errors in spoiling the art of conversation are the talking too little or too much. On the one hand, there are the people—for whom, in comparison, I entertain a greater degree of sympathy and respect—who talk very little. This is occasionally the case to an extent which is ludicrously exaggerated. They apparently confine themselves to monosyllables. They seem to think with the misanthrope that conversation is the bane of society. Turning into the by-ways of anecdote, I may mention a curious instance that is recorded of a man who wished to be hermit and misanthrope by deputy. This was the Hon. Charles Hamilton, who, in the time of George II., laid out at Cobham the famous grounds celebrated by Gray and Horace Walpole. Among other pretty things which he erected on his grounds was a hermitage, and he took it into his head that he would like to have a real live hermit to inhabit it. He accordingly advertised for a hermit, and offered seven hundred a year to any one who would lead a true hermit's life, sleeping on a mat, never suffering scissors to touch his beard or his nails, and never speaking a syllable to the servant who brought his food. A man was found for the place; but after three weeks he had enough of it, and retired. It is hard to see what good his seven hundred a year could have done him under such conditions. Still there are people whose tone of mind is essentially of a hermit-like condition. Keble says of all of us, "Our hermit spirits dwell and range apart." One meets with people whose social powers have died out from sheer disuse. They sometimes become sardonic in their monosyllables. They put in Burchell's "Fudge!" to most remarks they hear. Apparently they regard us poor trivial talkers as being extremely shallow; and perhaps remind us of the saying that 'speech is silvern and silence golden; speech is human, silence is divine." For myself, I like the silvery sound of really human speech. It is just possible that these sublime beings do not talk for the simple reason that they have nothing to say. One remembers Coleridge's story of the man in the coach, whose dignified reserve, thoughtful face, and massive brow he regarded with mute admiration. The great being said nothing until they went in to dine at a hotel ordinary, when he plunged his fork into some potatoes, and exclaimed, "Them's the jockeys for me!" Unquestionably one often meets with people who are quite painfully shy and reserved, feelings which are quickened by their own knowledge of their defects. Addison was a notoriously poor talker. He himself knew it; but he also knew how much he had to set off against this deficiency. "I haven't got ninepence in my pocket," he said; "but I can write you a check for a thousand pounds." Goldsmith "wrote like an angel, but talked like poor Poll." I know people who possess an astonishing genius for repartee. But unfortunately it takes them a good many hours to prepare their repartee, and their answer is only ready when it is literally a day too late. Of course there are people who resemble those familiar birds of our childhood, that, unlike the birds of Aristophanes, can sing, but won't sing, and should be made to sing. They can talk, and they ought to talk, and they should be made to talk. Indeed, there is one class of men whom I confess I regard with some measure of suspicion and dislike. They are a peculiar race of listeners. They make it a point of hearing as much and saying as little as possible. They are the suckers of other men's brains; or, as Disraeli said of Peel, the burglars of other men's intellects.

A very good story is told of an eminent Oxford professor who at one time had very considerable influence over the minds of many of the young men of the university, and was supposed to pursue a Socratic method in eliciting the dormant powers of young men. The professor knew how to be silent, and also how to talk, especially in the *salons* of the great and wealthy. One day he invited a promising under-graduate of the great intellectual college to take a walk with him. The young gentleman was slightly flustered with the honor of the invitation, and was prepared to pick up any golden grains of truth which might be let fall on his account. They walked out as far as Iffley, but to his great surprise a stolid silence was consistently maintained by the mighty being whom he was prepared to accept as his guide, philosopher, and friend. At last, as they turned back from Iffly Lock, the under-graduate ventured to observe, "A fine day, professor." The professor vouchsafed no reply, but strode back silent into Quod, and the young fellow did not have strength of mind to renew his attempt. As they entered beneath the archway the professor fixed his keen philosophic glance upon him, and mildly said, "I did not think much of that remark of yours."

BRIBERY IN TURKEY.

ADMITTING the necessity of being liberal in the matter of "tips" when requiring information in foreign countries, nowhere is one so plundered as in the East. It is not too much to say that the actual ruler of Turkey is Prince Backsheesh. The following will give some idea of the torments he puts you to. A traveller recently related his experiences as a candidate for a concession from the Porte for an important company, which was to give a good slice of revenue to the Turkish government, at the same time proving highly profitable to the company concerned. In his numerous visits to the Porte he had to give backsheesh all round to door-keepers, hangers-on, mutes, military officers in full uniform, to the "vekil"—an official whose duty it was to introduce him on the several occasions to the pasha or minister—and not forgetting a round sum to the tune of three or four thousand pounds to the pasha himself. Then, after all this had been done, his scheme must go before the Council of State. They had to be "squared." The whole proceeding being Turkish, a delay, of course, occurred. After having spent some thousands of pounds, he was told that if he really expected to do any good at all, he must go in for palace intrigue, and bribe the chief eunuch or coffee-bearer, or both, or whoever had the ear of the Sultan. He did all this as recommended: got the greedy pasha (the only obstacle to his scheme) appointed to high office, and the Sultan immediately passed his iradé. The company was floated forthwith. The total amount of backsheesh levied was the trifling sum of seventy-five thousand dollars, and the negotiator was complimented by every one in Constantinople for having carried the affair through so quickly and so economically!

The only safeguard for the Turkish Empire is to be found in the single word "reform." This alone will prevent it crumbling to pieces—ay, and rapidly too. Will the Turk ever reform? Socially no real improvement will ever take place until corruption and bribery are trampled on, and the condition and status of the women considered. That is to say, reform means annihilating "backsheesh" and the harems. Abolish slavery, and there is no longer any *raison d'être* for a harem. The mistresses can not live a secluded life if the subordinates are free, for in that case the privacy of the harem will have vanished. Politically speaking, surely some clever and enterprising Turkish patriot, like Fuad or Ali Pasha, will rise up and regenerate his country. With such a soil and climate as Turkey possesses—with such illimitable resources—what could not be done! But the root of all the evil in the government of Turkey is bribery. Once depose Prince Backsheesh and raise the standard of their women, we shall see the Turks fairly on the road pointing to reform and a sound administration. But not until then.

HOW POPPIES GROW.

THE opium poppy requires a sandy loam, which should be prepared for it a year beforehand. The ground must be abundantly manured, ploughed, and cross-ploughed, the second time not so deeply as the first, for it is in the furrows that the seed is sown. About four pounds of seed is enough for an acre, and in order to facilitate the even distribution of the seed it is mixed before sowing with four times its bulk of sand or fine earth. The seed is covered lightly by brush-harrowing with a small tree drawn over the field by oxen. The end of October and the beginning of November are especially favorable for sowing, when fine weather, coming after the first rains, has made the ground more manageable. The sprouts appear in fifteen days; but if slight frosts should happen, the seed is often killed, and the land has to be reploughed and resown at the end of November. During winter the roots grow fast and strong, holding out against frost even when the leaves are bitten. As soon as spring declares itself the plants shoot up quickly, and are then thinned and weeded, sometimes twice. Each plant makes from one to four stalks, three or four feet high, which bear their flowers at the beginning of May. A fortnight after the flowers fall, the poppy heads are fully developed, and their fitness is tested by the eye and by light pressure with the fingers.

It is very important to detect the exact time of maturity. The too ripe poppy head "gives" to pressure; but when fully grown and still green, it resists. Then is the time to extract the opium, and the cultivators at once go to work rapidly, about ten persons being employed on every acre; for if the heads were allowed to become dry, the juice would disappear. The seed pod being seized with the thumb and forefinger of one hand, a slight incision is dexterously made all round the middle of the pod with a small scythe-like knife held in the other. The cut must not enter the seed cavity; if it did, the juice would flow inside, and be lost. The moment the incision is made, the white juice begins to escape all round, and is left to dry and thicken in the heat of the day for six or eight hours, when it becomes a yellow, resinous-looking substance, which later turns to a darker hue. It is then scraped off with the knife, and squeezed into lumps as the gatherer proceeds. These lumps, which are each general-

ly less than two pounds in weight, are rolled up in poppy leaves, and left for some days further to dry in the sun. While still soft, they are packed into small baskets lined with cotton cloth, the balls being powdered with sorrel seed to prevent them from sticking together.

The poppies which produce the best opium are the white and the yellow. These grow luxuriantly, give an abundant juice, and can be insured by employing white or yellow seed, while the gray or black seeds give a blue or dark red bloom, with smaller seed pods and a darker opium. But there are many varieties of these handsome flowers, and, entirely apart from the "opium question," the flaunting colors of a few poppy beds add much to the brief gayety of an Eastern garden.

THE Mexican minister used to say that in his own land no beverage was so delicious as a cup of chocolate. It was made of the best already sweetened chocolate, broken and placed in a warm spot to melt. When afterwards put into a farina kettle, boiling milk was poured upon it, and from the moment when the first drop of milk touched it until it was done it was stirred. It was allowed to boil for several minutes, and when it was served in delicate cups it was thick and almost jelly like, and was capped with whipped cream. This is the way that Baker's Vanilla Chocolate should always be prepared.—[*Adv.*]

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